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The National Conference of Unitarian and Other Christian Churches accepts the religion of Jesus, holding, in accordance with his teaching, that practical religion is summed up in love to God and love to man.

THE UNITARIAN

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THE UNITARIAN

A Monthly Magazine of Liberal Christianity.

VOL. X. APRIL, 1895. No. 4.

"WHAT IS YOUR LIFE?"

AN EASTER SERMON BY REV. THEODORE C. WILLIAMS, OF ALL SOULS' CHURCH, NEW YORK CITY.

"What is your life?"—JAS. iv. 14.

Men are asking that question always. They are answering it on this Easter Day with a great word of joy. For the song of the Christian Church to-day is that life has conquered, that the sharpness of death is overcome, because these poor human lives of ours have in them the power of Christ's resurrection,—the power to live forever unto God. It is the culmination of the gospel. As we interpret it in its larger spiritual meaning, the festival should renew our hearts with a quickening of hope and faith, and give us victory over the world.

But, while this Easter festival announces all that is most unworldly in Christian truth, it embodies ancient traditions which run back to the old religions of Nature, when the green springtime wakened in men's hearts a glad sense of the victory of life. Our late northern winter makes the holidays somewhat too early for that. But, surely, it is quite in the spirit of the man of Galilee to look upon the warm awakening of bird and flower, the dark earth bursting into color and song, as Nature's gorgeous parable, which teaches that winter has no lasting reign,—that death is but a transitory fact,—that He who clothes the grass of the field ever brings light out of darkness, and makes death the gloomy background from which the bright miracle of life shines the more triumphant and beautiful.

In common with the profoundest thinkers and teachers of our race, Jesus ever regards Nature as such an embodiment of divine thought that her panorama of wonder and change means more than what appears. Her lilies bring a warning to our pride and fear. The fruitful vine cries shame upon our barren selfishness. The heavens at night declare a glory not their own. The unfolding drama of creation, moving upward from the "sparrows" to the "children of God," has everywhere some forecast of the final apocalypse of love. It may be that the faith of the future will much enrich and elaborate the simple emblems of the evangelist. For in our larger universe the reviving spring is but one lovely incident in a vaster series of movements. To us there are many other ways by which Nature, using her vast pictorial style, sets forth the solemn truth that there is no reality, no permanence, in death; that life—life alone—is the omnipresent and victorious fact. As from the world of last year's leaves the springtime feeds its flowers, so everywhere in Nature death is but substructure and preparation for life of grander form and higher faculty. Whole races of living creatures pass over the earth, of whom only the imprint of their frail bodies remains in the sepulchre of the rocks; but still the chain of life reaches onward and upward,—from wormhood to the saints and martyrs. Out of those slow experiments in baser animality, patient Nature was moulding forth the forms of nobler creatures, then cast her first models by to give her better handiwork more space to be admired. All the life and death of æons past were but stepping-stones of God to the creation as it now is, and so also to the better creations yet to be. Nature affords us innumerable types of life and power, but not one example of perfect death, not one case of nothingness.

Astronomy, it is true, peeping so skilfully into the infinite, discovers certain spheres, like our moon, roll on through space a seeming image of eternal loss. Yet not one

of these is alone or motionless, but all are tuned to the rhythm of glorious and fruitful systems. We know not in what change of cosmic weather this débris of the stars shall one day be gathered up and made the groundwork of new and happier constellations. For Nature shows decay and change, but never annihilation. What we call death is but a redistribution of power. In Nature all things throb and undulate to the very heart of them. Her inimitable ether penetrates all substances, all space, that the electric impulse or the luminous wave may have something to work with. Her atoms themselves, say the master-wizards of speculative science, are but eternal vortices of irrepressible activity, forever spinning in the ethereal fluid.

Go, then, where you will, from the child's simple wonder to star-eyed Science with her vast properties, her curious record, her dizzying show of demonstrable dreams, and everywhere Nature will give her old parables, her old symbols of unconquerable life, her obstinate refusal to furnish any true emblems of death.

I know the insufficiency of such poetic interpretation to furnish full assurance of the undying life of the human soul. Analogy is not proof. Yet it is certainly important that the analogy goes so far. It is significant that Nature, which is but a secondary witness, should so lavishly confirm the deeper intuitions by which the human spirit triumphant over Nature, is persuaded by its immortality.

This is as we should expect. If the outer world of Nature and inner world of the spirit be both of one divine origin, and Nature be the tabernacle of spirit, it is reasonable that it should express spiritual truth, and yet express it imperfectly. Things seen and temporal shadow forth the things eternal, just as a temple built by human hands is an emblem in stone of the worship and aspiration of which it is the shrine.

The teaching of Christ, therefore, abounds in joyous allusion to the omnipresent prophecy of Nature concerning an eternal life. But also the words of Jesus far overpass the dim suggestions of poetic hope, and establish the gospel of immortality upon firmer foundations. His living insight penetrates from the shadow to the substance. He searches the depths of humanity, and finds ever present there, not types and images of eternity, but the indwelling of divine power, which is the actuality of eternal life within the soul.

So essential in Christ's teaching is the affirmation of life in man which cannot die that it is more often implied and taken for granted than distinctly expressed.

Consider some of the elements of immortality within us, as they are described in Scripture and verified by human experience.

First, the life of man is spiritual, is from above. Only he who lives "not by bread alone" has a truly human life. "Fear not them that kill the body, and after that have no more that they can do." Fear, rather, the power which can cast the whole man, body and soul, into the living death of sin. From this conception of what our life is there is never any wavering in Christian thought. It is also an insight won by all the higher wisdom of mankind. It is a truth as clear to our materialistic time as to any other. Our poets sing it to us. Says one of a fallen hero, fallen, so he thought, from truth,

> "From those great eyes
> The soul has fled:
> When faith is lost, when honor dies,
> The man is dead."

Another, looking upon his country in a time of danger, bids men remember that

> "By the soul only, the nations shall be great and free."

Another, in a region of purely individual feeling, declares that "the light of the whole life dies when love is done." The great Russian, Tolstoï, has written us a little story called "What Men live by," with what answer many of you know.

But not from the poets alone, not from the saints and sages only, come these solemn affirmations of our spiritual nature. It is the common story of all lives that reach any full stature of manhood. Man is a creature of high and infinite desires. Even in his degradation of sin there is an extravagance of rebellion which marks the state of a fallen being who carries a possible heaven within him. For let a man pervert his nature from its true destiny of fellowship with the Universal Life and Love, and in his monstrosities of evil he sets up a certain

false infinite as if to cheat and silence his starving soul. All vice is insatiable. The disobedient soul piles Pelion on Ossa, builds Babel till it falls, enlarges its house of sin till it breaks asunder, "divided against itself."

But, if this be in the perversion and wreck of humanity, if man carries the infinity of his spiritual nature even into his rebellion against God, much more is it evidenced in all that lifts us to our true birthright as the children of God.

Every activity of life has its outreach into a realm of being for which its earthly exercise is only preparation.

It would seem as if the chief business of man upon this earth was to show that he has something within himself which is superior to his earthly condition. At every limit our souls chafe and look beyond. Our very disappointments become the food of hope; and, when we have won the uttermost of joy and truth and power which our strength allows, the shining heights above still beckon and challenge us.

We begin the very childhood of our career with dreams of what can never be. The pleasant garden plot of youth is but an Eden overarched with awful heavens and invaded by seraphs of mighty name. Because of these

"Trailing clouds of glory,"

the trifles and toys of infancy are seized upon by little hands and innocent hearts with an intensity of passion which the circumstances do not warrant. Our children make tragedies out of lost sweetmeats, build us empires out of chips and straws, or see all dreamland in a flight of flames up the chimney.

The childhood of the human race is made majestic by the grandeur of its imaginations and the far-echoing music which fills the primeval poetry of the world. Through all the history of civilization there runs this never-defeated strife of the human imagination to burst the bounds of mortal sight, and establish the soul in a more than terrestrial order of being. Here was the impulse of all mythology and apocalypse that ever cheered or terrified the nations. Even false and superstitious visions of eternity were but the offspring, the emanations, from man's unconquerable and heavenly soul, by which, though groaning in the captivity of the flesh, he found freedom in unseen worlds. Here is the expansive energy by which all art forever overleaps its bygone goal, and sends forth creations of beauty in ever-ascending audacity of inventions. The architects have forced the heavy stone and clay into every fashion of soaring vault and tender line or flower-like harmony. The painters find ever-new possibilities of splendor and cunning; and school follows school, still attempting the unattainable expression of what nature reveals to the receptive artist's eye. Music, the freest of the arts, and poetry, the mirror of them all, may be traced through the centuries of song, ever seeking some grander embodiment of eloquent passion or some wider, deeper sympathy with the unutterable mystery of life. Through all the glory of human art runs a history of the seeking soul of man, which turns to beauty as to a world of freedom and deliverance; and in the ever-melting limits of line, color, and sound strives to body forth an invisible perfection, of which the world-nature has only prophecy and suggestion. Let art anywhere lose this energy of the Infinite in the workman's unconquerable soul, and immediately it produces mere knick-knacks and upholstery.

But all this, you may say, belongs to the imaginative side of life. Yet perhaps imagination betrays us, and leaves reality behind.

But it is also true that the evidence of man's spiritual nature appears no less in the most material aspects of his history. I read in a recent sober volume of economics that the essential difference between a man and an animal is that a man has progressive wants and an animal has not. The writer is not given to Transcendentalism, but practically suggests it is to this little peculiarity in the human creature that the marvellous material progress of the present century is due, and also the progressive discontent which characterizes every modernized population. One recalls Carlyle's famous remark about the impossibility of satisfying the "infinite shoe-black." The most characteristic phenomena of our so-called materialistic age really bear witness to the spiritual nature of man. The conquests of trade, the patience and audacity of invention, the world's endless appetite

for some new thing, even the caprices of fashion and luxury,—all these are evidence that the energy of man's infinite soul has at the present time started out upon a new career of restless exploration. I believe we shall get to the end. Not always will the "supreme Caucasian mind" be absorbed in ecstatic admiration of its own housekeeping. The future science will conquer famine, subdue pestilence, and master the Old World problem of providing the masses of men with the things man's body needs. Then, and perhaps before then, we shall return to the ancient truth which the Orient still treasures for the impatient West,—that "man does not live by bread alone." The present epoch of human subjugation to the steam-engine will pass by, and higher forms of life will grow. Problems of politics will be forgotten in the problems of humanity. But the surest hope of social amelioration springs, as I understand it, from a faith in the greatness of humanity, in the energy of man's unconquerable mind. The extraordinary success achieved in penetrating nature's laws, and subduing by a thousand marvellous combinations her hostile and hidden forces, is cumulative evidence that man is more than a child of earth. Prometheus, the first inventor, stole his fire from heaven. In the very infancy of discovery men ascribed the first steps of man's conquest of the earth to divine inspiration: the vine and olive, the horse, the instruments of music, were believed the direct gifts of heavenly beings. And now in the latest stages of the same process the truth in these old myths re-emerges in the perception both of philosophy and faith that the human spirit has in it a life from above, a participation in divine thought, a spiritual supremacy over the material order by which the wonders of mechanism and civilization are alone made possible.

But ascending from the life, the imagination, and the life of the intellect as shown in art, in science and civilization, we see the same infinite energy of the human soul in that aspect of our life which is most central, most comprehensive,—our moral and affectional experience, and those powers within by which we love the good and will the right, hunger and thirst after perfection, and finally receive the "vision of God."

Here Jesus is our supreme teacher, and his truth our highest reach of attainment. Here all that is significant in human history enforces the lesson that there is something in man which cannot die.

What is your life? A dream and a vapor? Yes! in the lower levels so it is. But a dream and a vapor does not, cannot, overcome the world. It is not by any bodily organ that men make the whole body an instrument of righteousness; and, if God so will, let the body be trampled on and crucified to save the integrity of the true self, which is spiritual. What is the meaning of heroism, of martyrdom, of the innumerable host of brave souls who preferred to die rather than to live falsely and meanly? Oh, not the suicides of weakness, not the failures of earth, are all these blessed deaths, but the putting forth of a vitality which earth can neither create nor explain. The cross of Christ is but a witness to a "kingdom not of this world," which his whole life also proclaimed. If man's life be but a symphony of atoms, a transient sparkle on a boundless wave, then not only the "cross of Christ," but the whole moral constitution of man and all his nobler history, is more miraculous than the wildest dreams of superstition. "Out of senseless nothing to evoke a conscious something," and out of that conscious something to raise up a Christ-like soul, which faces the storms of time and accident, and says, "I live unto God," "I have in me an eternal life," "I give that eternal life to you,"—what fantastic myth ever surpassed the extravagance of such an evolution as that would be? We may say that Jesus added to the world-wide and ancient doctrine of immortality a demonstration of what kind of life it is that "overcomes the world." Behind the faith in his resurrection was the sense of living power imparted by his life. There was nothing in him "worthy of death." His resurrection seemed to his disciples but the final triumph of a life whose daily habit was spiritual power victorious over the powers below it. His virtue was no state of self-satisfied common sense. His life was hid in God, and ever striving and ascending toward God. He urges others to enter upon this way of ever-increasing perfection. The only soul Jesus ever curses is that which has ceased to receive new light and life: all others he

loves. He loves the man or woman just rescued from destruction, who still trembles on the outer verges of goodness with stammering prayer. His disciples are pilgrims, outcasts, lowly, superstitious, and slow of heart; but they look not back in their journey to the kingdom of God. His own life, though full of divine calm, has not the peace of the tranquil sky, but rather of the rainbow that arches over the vanishing storm. He must struggle with the tempter at the beginning; he knows weariness and disappointment; he shrinks from the bitter cup; he falls fainting beneath the burden of his cross. But through the story of his afflictions runs also the note of victory and peace, of an eternal life. Jesus has become the type and inspiration of the eternal life in man. He made men feel this life in themselves and look for it in others. His disciples went forth into the world to multiply the power of his life a many-millionfold, by walking in his spirit of unconquerable love, by dying to the lower self, by "rising with Christ" into the light of God. Wherever this heavenly form of life has appeared, the Christian faith and hope has been enlarged.

The persecuted Church gathered to its very altars the bones and ashes of her indomitable dead, and made reminders of an ever-present heaven out of these relics of heavenly lives.

Christianity is the supreme expression so far of the infinite energy of the human spirit in the realm of righteousness and love. It gathers into its deeper sympathies the martyrs of all ages, and interprets all victories of the spirit of whatever name as the manifestation in man of the will of God and the love of the Eternal Father.

Stand as far as you will or must from the embodied creeds and customs of popular Christendom, distrust, as we all sorrowfully do, the levity and worldliness of all existing churches, yet who is so unsympathetic, so unjust, as not to acknowledge the *limitless energy of love and prayer* which animates the chosen souls who are vitally touched with the spirit of the Christ?

No arguments for immortality, no reiteration of legendary sanctities, can give us that sense of the unseen world and an undying life which comes from this manifestation of the heavenly mind in even one true disciple.

Jesus brings immortality to light because he teaches us what our life is, and how precious, how wonderful is every soul in whom we have seen something of the power of God.

What are your dearest thoughts on Easter Day? Not of evidences and philosophies! But rather, because the loyal affections reign, you find yourselves sharing the heart of the festival, and reaching upward into the unseen world, from which the Easter glory descends. You hear the music of holiest memories, and faces that shine no more to the mortal eye are quick in your vision to-day. The angel stands beside some cherished grave, saying: —

"What seekest thou? He is risen. He is not here. Why seekest thou the living among the dead?"

You are thinking of the Eternal Life as you have seen it in those who were faithful to the end, those who called from your life a lavish gift of love as yet but half expressed, of the tried and true who have finished their course, of the young lives, pure, sweet, and noble, to whose early bloom God has given a summer in another land.

On Easter Day the heavens are opened, because your treasures are there.

But let us always keep the comfort of this faith in the largeness of our thought of God. While we think of the greatness of the human soul, while we think of the lives which have been with us in the depths of human love or sorrow, we need to keep their thoughts and memories very close to God. It is the love of God that assures and consecrates our hopes of heaven. It is the love of God that can raise us from our earth-bound sorrow into the sense of heavenly life which keeps us patient and prepares our affections for the better life to come.

The risen Christ ascends to his Father and to our Father. It is because we have a Father in heaven that we are one family both here and there. It is because divine love is the breath and secret of our being that we commend our loved ones to the unseen, as to another mansion in our Father's house. It is because here and now we may be "alive unto God" that we humbly trust these intimations of the Eternal Life which are inseparable from what is best, noblest, and most wonderful in human nature.

"What is your life?" As you answer that question aright, the heavenly hope and faith have meaning. Is it rich with enlarging thoughts of God's beautiful world? Is it a life of unconquerable, outreaching affections? Is it a life fixed on self, or is it a life with God? Are you drifting with the passing hour, or do you "lay hold on eternal life"?

What *is* your life? For in what it is to-day is the promise of all that is to be.

RESURRECTION.

FROM POEMS BY JOHN B. TABB.

All that springeth from the sod
Tendeth upwards unto God;
All that cometh from the skies
Urging it anon to rise.

Winter's life-delaying breath
Leaveneth the lump of death,
Till the frailest fettered bloom
Moves the earth, and bursts the tomb.

Welcome, then, Time's threshing pain
And the furrows where each grain,
Like a Samson, blossom shorn,
Waits the resurrection morn.

THE SOLID ROCK OF CHRISTIANITY.

Among the ideas of the foundations of Christianity there is one which is still sacredly held. The first is that Christianity depends upon the absolute truth of each and every statement in the New Testament, —in the Gospels especially. We are told that the Gospels—those four fragments of so great a story—are the pillars upon which Christianity is reared. In this way Christianity is made to depend upon certain statements assumed to be historical; and, if those statements are not true, the structure is ruined. This is treacherous and dangerous ground; and it is quite possible that they who stand upon it may do more against Christianity than those who repudiate the Gospels altogether.

We open the New Testament. We at once encounter difficulties. I will mention only two.

I find an opinion among the apostles that their generation would witness the end of the world, by the second coming of Christ to judge it and to vindicate the elect. One of their great moral levers, one of their motive forces, one source of their inspiration, was this fervent expectation. We find it expressed in every varying tone of hope, impatience, disappointment. We are told that the Lord is near,— at the very doors,— that it is the last time. It is affirmed in Matthew that the immediate contemporaries of Jesus would not pass away till all was fulfilled. In Matthew the judgment of the world is to take place immediately after the destruction of Jerusalem. Luke finds it necessary to allow a certain interval of time, during which Jerusalem is to be trodden down of the Gentiles; yet all is to be fulfilled within the actual generation. Jesus gives to his disciples a parable to repress their eager belief that the kingdom of God would immediately appear. But he is also most distinctly made to assert that there were some standing near him who should not taste of death until they should see him coming in his kingdom. Paul expects to see the end of the world. He leads the Corinthians and Thessalonians to expect it in their own age. Meanwhile Peter urges the Christians to abstain from fleshly lusts. The Book of Hermes, which was quoted as Scripture by early Fathers, entreats them to avoid encumbering themselves with superfluous houses and delicacies, their real home being a far-off and better city.

Here, then, is one error of opinion found in the New Testament. We note how the delay gave rise to disappointment.

The Epistle to the Hebrews appeals for a little patience: "Yet a little while, and he that shall come will come, and will not tarry." As the warm hope is replaced by a sense of failure, the Second Thessalonians attempts to account for that delay by alluding to some mysterious hindrance to the final series of revelation. As the uneasiness increased, and there began to prevail a belief that the event so long delayed would not happen at all, the Second Epistle of Clement tries to still this feeling. At length, in the Second of Peter, prolonged disappointment is found to have degenerated into downright incredulity and scoffing, which the writer can only meet by appealing to the Scripture maxim that to the Lord a thousand years are but as one day.

The second of the two difficulties I proposed to refer to is not less decisive an error. I find in the Gospels that the belief in demoniacal possession is general among the early Christians. The apostles hold it. Evil spirits enter the bodies of men. Satanic agency is in the order of nature, disturbs its regularity, traverses the workings of God. It is given to Jesus to compel the evil spirits to relinquish their unfortunate victims by the exercise of miraculous power. From that time onward the devil has played a conspicuous part in the history of Christianity. He has been God's policeman. He has been the right hand and the sceptre of the priesthood. He has been the nightmare of sensitive minds. But now science has resisted the devil; and he has fled away. For him there is no resurrection. He belongs to the past. The demoniacal possession in which the Evangelists believe is now a memory, and nothing more.

This altered condition of belief constrains every thoughtful man to consider how far the gospel narratives can be accepted as of divine authority, as an infallible revelation, as the pure unadulterated "Word of God."

The difficulty is solved by assuming that the authors of the Gospels shared the current notions of their countrymen. In that case they were not reporters of God's truth, not recipients and revealers of perfect knowledge. Scriptural difficulties are explained on the supposition of the mingling of error with truth. The Gospels are disclosed by the influence and the introduction of legends and of Eastern philosophy. There was no miraculous power exempting the Evangelists from mistake. Commentators are compelled to account for discrepancies by admitting the presence of infirmity. The dross of error is mixed with the pure truth of the narratives. Acknowledge that the Gospels are not infallible, and those portions of them that now may perplex the mind will be resolved either into poetic creations or fond traditions, which are beautiful spiritual symbols, but not historic realities. The miraculous birth of Jesus, the story of the star of Bethlehem guiding the Eastern sages, the heavenly voices chanting to the shepherds, the descending dove as being none other than the Infinite Spirit,— these are symbols which clearly have the stamp of Jewish legends. They are rich allegories of spiritual truth, but not historical facts. Paul says nothing of these supernatural incidents. His silence leads to one of two conclusions: (1) either Paul rejected the account of the miraculous nativity; (2) or it is a later tradition. The treasure is in earthen vessels.

But does this admission compel us to reject the Gospels? Not at all. I feel an invincible repugnance to the charge of forgery and fraud brought against the Evangelists by some Deists in the last century. The traditions are recorded with manifest belief in them, and with the most simple truthfulness of spirit. Circumstances which disfavor their own conclusions are plainly related. They thus exhibit a winsome candor and honesty which put their sincerity beyond doubt. They conceal nothing that is adverse to the Messianic claims of Christ. They hide nothing that is discreditable to their own character. They tell us how Jesus met with little belief among his own countrymen, how neither his words nor his works convinced his own kindred, how the multitude believed John to be prophet, but hesitated to acknowledge Jesus, how the apostles he selected did not give him their entire confidence, misunderstanding his sayings, doubting his power, and deserting him with abject, cowardly fear on the approach of danger, how the two earliest Gospels close the narratives of his resurrection with expressions of doubt and unbelief. Dishonest writers would have kept these things secret from posterity. Impostors would not have published them to the world. But the Evangelists, whoever they were, were men actuated by such truthfulness and conscientiousness that they have faithfully recounted the opinions and the circumstances current among the Christian believers; and that very fact seems to me to be one of the strongest guarantees that the Gospels contain trustworthy history. The method of distinguishing truth from error in them, as a collection of books written for intelligent men, at various times, by various authors, under varying modes of thought, is to test them in the same manner in which all writings and teachings and revelations from God are tested.

We have no doubt of the general result.

Although the early history of Christianity is in many respects inaccurate, although it is exaggerated by credulous devotion, although it is even falsified by legendary traditions, we may be sure that there are in it divine and indefeasible truths. These could not have lived through so many centuries, and spread through such various forms of civilization, if they had not their undying roots in the heart of man. In other words, Christianity does not rest upon the absolute truth of the Gospels. It is not based upon the reconciliation of conflicting texts. Its foundations are not in the provable genuineness of disputed passages. It does not lean upon the supernatural events related in the Gospels. It is not built upon metaphysical and doctrinal problems which the faculties strive in vain to solve. Though the creeds perish, though the dogmas crumble to the dust, though the histories prove to be mingled with fables which have been impressed upon the minds of millions, the foundations of Christianity are strong, imperishable, eternal, because they are not in a book, but in human nature. Christianity is grounded in human thought. Its living spiritual truths correspond to human realities, and richly furnish human wants. It appeals to, and it deepens and purifies, the best instincts and deepest affections of our nature. The cravings of the heart find in it a response. The highest aspirations are drawn out and satisfied by its power. It answers to the cry of the heart and the flesh for a living divine Father, who should gather up in himself all that is highest in man, and gloriously transcend it. No decay of creeds, no adulteration of books and documents with errors, could level Christianity to the ground, because its foundations are not in the fallible narratives of its introduction and planting in the East, but in man's sinfulness, in man's glorious capabilities, in man's aspirations toward an advancing and everlasting being.

Moreover, consider for a moment what the Gospels are. They are, as they stand, the biography of Jesus, as accepted by Christendom. They are a biography which contains simple, sublime, immortal truths, attested by our own nature, yet not without admixture of error, both in facts and in opinions,—a biography which helps us and moves us to come into sympathy with the purest, devoutest, and most exalted soul God ever sent to this earth, to feed mankind with a measure of his own holiness and love,—but a biography only; and there is an essential distinction between the basis of Christianity and this report of the life of Jesus which fallible chroniclers have drawn up. This biography is of value because, although marred by misapprehensions, it narrates for us some of the highest words ever spoken,—words which kindle us, and therefore prove their divine fire; because it presents to us truths which cast their radiance on the divinity of little children, on the sanctity of age, on the secret of a peaceful soul amidst the toils of manhood, on the healing virtue of the bitter cup the saintliest has to drink, on the preciousness and power of redeeming self-sacrifice, on the saving beauty and glory of the service of humanity, on the longing for escape from the prison bars of this house of flesh; because it touches us by the spectacle of a life which, though we know it but imperfectly, impresses itself upon us as having reached a plane of spiritual being to which evermore it beckons us, and helps us to ascend. But the basis of Christianity is not in the biography. It is not a letter: it is a spirit.

We refer, with a glow of pride, to the history of our country; and what is it that we mean? Is it the mere parchment or paper on which are written the manifestations of the faithfulness and courage and genius of our forefathers? Is it the story of pen and ink told by Macaulay and Froude, and Freeman and Green? Is it not the generous and heroic virtues, the personal character, illustrated and embodied in the deeds and trials, the struggles and victories, of the good and great of our nation, whose names are evermore a memory exceeding precious in the annals of England? The basis of England's historical development is not the tale penned by historians, and thrown off from the printing-press. These are but the record of its history. And so I hold that the basis of Christianity is not in the infallible accuracy of the gospel statements, but in those qualities of human nature which existed in it from the beginning, but which Christ translated unto man, showing us what manhood meant when he called us sons of God.

Shall I give another illustration? When I read the history of the Covenanters, I do

not say that the pages of Mr. Gilfillan, for example, are the pedestal on which that spirit stands of which the world was not worthy. But, when I see the lives, ardent with piety and bold with a holy courage, of those brave men, Selden, Harry Vane, Goodwin, Calamy, Lightfoot, Rutherford, the pith and essence and glory of Scotland; when I behold the persecuted worshipping in remote wildernesses, in sunless glens, in damp caves, on the summits of lofty hills; when I hear a thousand strong voices shouting defiance to Claverhouse from the everlasting mountains, and saying a solemn psalm of old Israel; when I gaze at Warrington tottering up the scaffold, and listen to the words trembling on his lips, "Pray, praise"; when there comes to me the echo of another's words, "Though every hair of my head were a man, I could die all these deaths for Christ and his cause"; when I see the noble-hearted wife of John Brown catching up her husband's shattered head in her lap, and hear her saying to the ruffian who shot him, "I always thought much of him, but never so much as I do this day,"—I say that these principles make the basis of the Covenanters' thought and worship, and not the historical account of them which I read. The account I fervently prize, because it brings me into communion with them, though it is not infallible. The Gospels I deeply prize as the richest of the world's religious biographies, because they bring me into fellowship with the mind of Jesus, although they are in some things mistaken. But they are not the basis of Christianity. What puts a foundation beneath it is not the document, but the religious principles of human nature which flowered most richly, and bore the most nourishing fruit in the life of Jesus.

Here, then, is the rock of Christianity. For spiritual purposes I do not care whether every statement in the Gospels is literally and entirely true. I do not inquire whether a certain set of dogmas are Scripture or not. I do not ask whether signs and wonders appear. Divine marvels are round about me every day, if I will but look for them. I do not trouble to get established beyond controversy whether the Gospels were written by the men whose names they bear. I know that there are wise and immortal thoughts in the books ascribed to Plato. What matters it if Plato did not write the works that bear his name? Are there in them ideas true and imperishable? That is the vital question. I know that there is counsel true to the eternal law of rectitude and righteousness in the conversations of Socrates. What really matters it if Socrates did not speak it? Is the counsel such that the heart and the soul rise up to call it good? *That* is the test. I know that there is certainty in the problems of Euclid. What matters if, while attributed to him, they were constructed by some one else? Are the problems sound, and the solutions incontestable? *That* is the criterion. I know that Shakspere reveals man to himself in the many-sided aspects of his being. What matters it if that name of wonder and of power were but a fable? Does the poetry of Shakspere tune forth for us in "warbles of native wood notes wild" the thoughts, emotions, passions, and workings of our nature? Does it disclose ourselves to ourselves? Is it full of the "touches which make the whole world kin"? What matters it if Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John were not the authors of the Four Gospels? Does not the Life therein portrayed correspond with all that is generous and progressive and beautiful in man? Does it not lay hold on us, and move us as only reality permanently can? Does it not find a response in our purest emotions? Does it not fulfil our highest ideal of virtue and holiness?

And for a reply to these questions I care not for historical evidences, for dogmatic authorities, for supernatural phenomena. These are needless in the presence of the witness of the Spirit; for, if we believe not the prophets of our own soul, neither should we believe, though one rose from the dead. I find the reply in the depths of my own nature. I find it in human experience. I find it in an unshakable faith in man as God's inalienable child, in God's free mercy, in God as the universal Father, in the gospel that love is precious, that justice is blessed, that mercy is sweet, that manliness is noble, that forgiveness is divine. And I need no miracles to convince me that Jesus lived a religion that is founded, not on past outward facts, but on present inward realities. The highest aspirations I have are drawn out and met by the presentation of

a living Person who fulfils them in the round of his daily life. The ideal of humanity is heightened by a real human Life which reveals, by actual realization, the spiritual possibilities of man. The yearning of the heart for a God who is not an all-pervading intellect,—impassive, insensible, incapable of sympathy, a great marble Colossus,—but a God vital with feeling and affection, with whom rich communion is possible, is answered in a personal Life and Character in which the ages have seen, in fullest attained measure, an incarnation of divinity in humanity, and a translation of humanity into divinity. The aching void of the heart is filled, the mighty unrest that possesses it is calmed, by the winning faith and quiet of that Life which went through its sorrows and sufferings still and noiseless, because it trusted utterly to the love of a Living Spirit who was around its path and encompassed it with a vital presence. The longing and reaching up of the soul for immortality are strengthened by him who himself lived in the clear light of the Unseen, and who, to our hungry heart, to our longing life, to our sense of human imperfection, spoke his own sublime faith in the reality of our undying personal being. Here is a basis of Christianity, unshaken, untroubled, serene, because the truths to which Jesus bore witness remain the same as they always were, rooted in the nature of our humanity and grounded in the being of its God. S. Fletcher Williams.

Hackney, London, N.

A PHILOSOPHER'S MOTHER: JOHANNA SCHOPENHAUER.

I.

This lady's life was a varied and eventful one. It was her lot to live through, and partly to witness, some of the greatest events of modern times. Her earliest recollection was the dismemberment of Poland and the consequent ruin of her paternal city, Danzig. Then came the American War, which excited such intense and universal interest. Her first visit to Paris was during the mutterings of the storm which soon burst over France. . . . She lived for some years in Hamburg, and had thus an opportunity of comparing that city with its Hanseatic sister and rival, Danzig, her native place. After the death of her husband she went to reside in Weimar. She had not been there a fortnight when the battle of Jena fell, like a thunderbolt, upon Germany. She has left a circumstantial and lively account of the scenes of which she was an eye-witness at that terrible moment. At Weimar she lived in the closest intimacy with Goethe; and her house was the resort of the eminent persons who were attracted to that remarkable court.—*Edinburgh Review, No.* 155.

These lines from an article in the Edinburgh *Review*, more than fifty years ago, furnish an epitome of the life of Madame Schopenhauer, with the exception of that fact which forms the chief link between this gifted woman and our own time,—the fact that the celebrated philosopher of pessimism, Arthur Schopenhauer, was her only son.

How far she was to be congratulated upon the fame of her singular offspring is a point on which we do not pause to dwell. Even had her son remained totally undistinguished, she herself, in her later years, enjoyed a widely spread reputation throughout Germany for her various writings, which for two or three generations would have kept her from being forgotten. Beginning her literary career in middle life, her collected works of travel, fiction, and biography fill no less than twenty-four duodecimo volumes; and she was known in her own day as one of the most popular female writers of her German Fatherland.

Johanna Henrietta Trosiener, eldest daughter of a well-to-do but not wealthy merchant, was born at Danzig, July 9, 1766. In her "Youthful Life and Pictures of Travel" she gives a sparkling sketch of this quaint old Hanseatic "free imperial city" on the shore of the North Sea, of its tall houses with their gable-ends to the street and wide, flag-paved terraces in front, where the children passed many an hour. Strange figures thronged its streets,—fur-coated, long-bearded Russian merchants; Jewish traders, with bejewelled wives; and, at certain seasons, troops of "Schimkys," or wild-looking serfs, from the still unpartitioned kingdom of Poland, who rowed the corn-laden barges, and clattered along the quay with wooden shoes and savage gestures. The city retained perfect religious freedom. Catholic monasteries and nunneries were allowed by the Lutheran authorities, although only a Lutheran might hold any public office.

Oddly enough, Danzig still had a papal nuncio, who was called "the official," and, like the famous blacksmith at Gretna Green, without parental consent and previous public notice, could pronounce the blessing of his church on both Protestant and Catholic lovers in the Royal Chapel which adjoined his dwelling. The matrimonial tie was securely fastened by this dignitary, and the validity of such marriages was never questioned. Beyond the long quay was the "Speicherinsel," or "Granary Island," where the grain was stored, guarded at night by ferocious dogs. One Herr Umbach, a famous violinist, having, when half-tipsy, insisted in going alone after midnight among these monsters, found his only safety in distracting their attention by playing tune after tune until exhausted. Whenever he stopped, the dogs, hitherto friendly and uttering howls of delight, sprang to devour him; and he owed his life to the timely succor of the keepers, who had heard the noise, and gone to his rescue.

Between these granaries and the city flowed the Moldau, soon uniting with the Vistula, and pouring into the German Ocean. All through her long life Madame Schopenhauer retained her inborn passion for the sight of those sparkling waves. When far inland, she pined for them, and loved to fancy that some dim blue stretch of level cloud lying along the low horizon was the beloved sea of her childhood. Jeannette, as she was called (French names being then the fashion), was a healthy, precocious, happy child. We have not space for her vivid portraits of her parents: of her strong-willed, independent, republican-minded father, whose chief failing was his fierce outbursts of wrath, when all the household, even cat and dog, would flee before him; of her gentle, attractive, sensible little mother, the only person not afraid of his outbreaks, and toward whom he—to his credit be it said—always behaved with the old-fashioned courtesy he had acquired during his commercial visits to France. Their next neighbor was Rev. Richard Jameson, a Scotchman, pastor of the English chapel which had been fitted up in a house for the use of the British Colony. A quiet, sedate, cultivated, somewhat melancholy man, still in his prime, this bachelor soon became the self-constituted friend and amateur tutor of Jeannette, who was indebted to him for a thorough mastery of English, and for much miscellaneous knowledge. Of teachers, indeed, she had no lack. Sent ere four years old twice a day to a school kept by an old French lady, mother of the then famous engraver Chodowiecki, she narrates how her lifelong passion for painting was first awakened by this artist visiting their school-room and sketching the assembled scholars, bribed to keep "mouse still" for just half an hour. Jeannette's lively spirit soon led her, regardless of promised dainties, to creep under tables and benches until she stood beside the draughtsman, watching the work that seemed to her like magic. A couple of years later she was intrusted to the private tuition of an old Frenchman "who had forgotten his mother-tongue, and never acquired another in its place." Her father, finding that his bright child was only going backward, replaced the Frenchman by another *Hauslehrer* in the then customary guise of a candidate of theology. Candidate Kuschel is a somewhat pathetic figure in her tale. Poor, hard-working, painfully plain, and struggling to maintain his widowed mother until the far-off time when he might hope to be called to a church of his own, he was endowed with many unostentatious virtues, and became much esteemed by his many pupils, especially Johanna Trosiener, who usually besought him, when the lesson was over, just to stay a little longer. Dr. Jameson, meanwhile, never ceased petting and instructing the little girl, setting his housekeeper, white dog Frei, and black tomcat Tamerlane to work for her amusement. Her own friends, finding how fast she was learning English, kept wondering "what good in the world it ever could do to a girl."

To a girl, indeed! Poor Jeannette almost grew ashamed of knowing English, and some years later, for fear of being thought a blue-stocking, resolutely refused to learn Greek, though she secretly wished to do it.

A great change was at hand. One day in 1773 Jeannette, scarcely seven years old, observed signs of a general commotion. Her father was early summoned to the Council House: her mother sat in the parlor, the tears rolling down her face at the news just imparted by one of their intimate

friends. Then came her brother Herr Lehmann, Dr. Jameson, and Candidate Kuschel, who to-day hardly noticed his wondering little pupil. Out of doors there reigned some painful excitement: people were flocking together. Jeannette and her next sister were told to "sit down and mind their dolls." Entreated to tell them what was the matter, the nurse Kasche (a native of Thoren, where the lower classes usually spoke Polish, so that Jeannette talked that difficult language even before she did German) at last said: "A misfortune, indeed, and a great one; but you children can't understand it. The Prussians came last night."

"If she had said the lion, the tiger, the bear, I should have associated some idea with the word; but the Prussians! I could not make out what that meant, and the incomprehensibleness of the word only aggravated my terror. That morning misfortune, like a vampire, alighted on my native city, and for years preyed on its vitals till it had completely exhausted its energies."

In consequence of the partition of Poland, the once free city of Danzig, though but conditionally under Polish protection, was deprived of the greater portion of its territory, the boundary line of Prussia being drawn within a short distance of its gates. Commercial ruin was the distant result, endless vexations with new regulations and custom-house officials, even to the searching the belongings of private persons entering the town, marked the new régime from the beginning. Ladies and children often were forced to quit their carriages and stand in drenching rain while the rude officials pried into every corner of the vehicles, after which they proceeded to compel them to literally turn their pockets inside out, under pretext of searching for contraband goods. Small wonder that the very name of Prussia and of the "great" Frederick (who seems to have employed Frenchmen for these exasperating offices) became terms of loathing, or that two of his myrmidons who had repeatedly dared to enter Danzig, and affix a proclamation bearing the detested Prussian eagle to the walls of the senate house, should have been hunted, and one of them killed by the infuriated mob. Country seats were deserted by their owners, unable to endure these annoyances, and the constant presence of Prussian sentries with their brutal discipline. Bad times, present and future, formed the main topic of conversation in society and at home. Jeannette, fancying that "bad times" were a sort of childish disease, like measles or chicken-pox, innocently asked whether they could not go away somewhere, where there were not any, but received no answer. Her uncle Lehmann, in his zeal, declared that every parent in Danzig ought to deem it his duty to make his children take such an oath of hatred toward the Prussians as Hamilcar had caused his son to take against the Romans, and (wondrous liberality for a German of those days) "without distinction of sex." Gladly would Jeannette have seen her father adopt this suggestion. What it meant to take an oath she knew not, but it was an exciting theme to dwell upon. Meanwhile she grew to gratify her curiosity concerning the subject of Hamilcar, which led to enthusiastic readings about the Greeks and Romans. Unconsciously, the little German maiden was ripening into a stanch republican; while Candidate Kuschel, as she said, "took occasion to animate me, while still a child, with an ardent love for right and freedom and with a zeal for all that was great and noble."

The American Revolution had now begun, and was watched throughout its whole course by this clever child with eager sympathy. "Penn,* Washington, Lafayette, the unfortunate Major André, and all the chief names of the day, were as familiar to me as those of our nearest neighbors. How I loved them all! How I triumphed in every humiliation of the British!" But the Romans still remained her chief favorites; and she privately devoured a translation of

*Did she perhaps fancy Penn to be contemporaneous with these others? This reminds us how, when the colossal bronze statue of William Penn, now on top of the City Hall at Philadelphia, first stood in the court-yard, previous to being hoisted, one citizen was actually heard saying seriously to another, "That's the statue of William Penn, *th first man who came over in the 'Mayflower'!*" Whereupon his companion eagerly made reply, "Yes, *the very first man!*" Possibly the fame of this anecdote may have induced the authorities, soon after, to affix to the statue a placard saying that an authentic history of Penn's career might be had on application, for the asking, at one of their offices hard by.

Rollin's History she had found in a closet, besides a vast quantity of mythology, history, geography, "and much, much more of which I know little or nothing now, for when only twelve years old I was a far more learned person than I am now that I am seventy-one." Kuschel, wishing to make her acquainted with German literature, gave her Kleist's poem of "Spring." The innocent young tutor had carefully marked in pencil all such passages as he thought it best for her to pass over. "It had never occurred to the good man that, as a true daughter of Eve, I should be sure to read those passages first of all. . . . I could not understand, though I read the portions over and over again, why the good candidate had put his veto upon them." The untiring Jameson all this time was introducing her to Pope's "Homer," Shakespeare, Milton, Lady Mary Wortley Montagu's Letters, and many English authors, together with much general information, natural history, and astronomy, imparted so easily that she learned, scarce knowing how.

An episode of this period, when she was about eight years old, was the inoculation of the three little girls with the small-pox. This dangerous innovation, as it was then considered, was, at her father's urgent desire, successfully carried through by a progressive Dr. Wolf, who had already travelled far in order to spread the practice of inoculation, and soon after settled permanently in Danzig on the strength of his treatment of the Trosiener girls. One chilly April day the family drove to a forlorn house in a remote part of the city, in the top story of which several children were dangerously ill of the small-pox. There, seated in the yard (since the house must not be entered), the three sisters, surrounded by the cackling of poultry and the grunting of pigs, underwent separately eight punctures, two on each hand and two on each knee from a golden needle dipped into the infectious virus, which had to be brought to Dr. Wolf by the family surgeon, Herr Nixius, who was obliged to go up four-and-twenty times to the fourth story of the crazy old building in order to obtain fresh material for each puncture, which he from the doorway handed to a servant-maid, who gave it to Kasche, the nurse, who passed it on to her mistress to give into Dr. Wolf's own hands. The two younger sisters had the disease very lightly; but poor Jeannette suffered terribly, causing great anxiety to Dr. Wolf, who hardly quitted her until she began to improve. It casts a curious light upon what we may call the ethics of infection in those days to hear that Jeannette, while yet too weak to stand, was taken up bodily by Dr. Wolf, and carried in his arms out on to the open quay, opposite to her father's house, where he walked with her up and down, "through heat and cold, rain and sunshine. I hung over his shoulder nearly unconscious, and as quiet as a lamb, while the people whom we met looked behind, and loudly expressed their commiseration."

Jeannette was now nine years old, and in need of a governess to supply much that neither good Kuschel nor her own mother could bestow. There were no boarding-schools, nor would her parents have intrusted her to any. "They may get their learning from others, for I cannot teach them enough myself; but none but I shall bring them up," their mother used to say. Good governesses were few and far between. Unexpectedly, at this time, a Mademoiselle Ackermann arrived in the city, fresh from giving the finishing touches to a certain Swedish princess. Wishing to settle in Danzig, in order to be comparatively near to a Privy Councillor, to whom she had long been betrothed, she was soon persuaded to open what, in reality, was an afternoon school for little girls. But the dignity of this ex-governess to a royal princess revolted at allowing her class of only twelve to bear so plebeian a name as a school. It was called a "Society of Young Ladies," who met to spend three hours in sundry studies, all conducted in French, and the remaining two hours in a sort of mild tea-party, where they were drilled in manners and deportment. Neither did her handsome parlor at all resemble an ordinary school-room, but wore an attractive air of foreign elegance. Here, for the first time, Jeannette became acquainted with the enchanted world of fairy tales, in the course of their French readings from the "Magazin des Enfants"; and "I was in no small danger of forgetting my Greeks and Romans." Chance, likewise, threw into her hands a French copy of the "Tales of Mother

Goose," with a rude German translation in parallel columns. And such engravings, from Bluebeard ready to cut off his wife's head down to "Puss in Boots"! "'Puss in Boots' delighted me more than all the rest, in honor of whom the book was called Puss's book whenever I could not recall its right title. Puss in Boots was my greatest of all heroes, by whom Mucius Scævola and Cincinnatus were cast into the shade, quite in a corner of my heart."

It was time for the Greeks and Romans to be somewhat cast into the shade; for this ardent and precocious child was beginning to be over-strung. Besides the five hours with Mlle. Ackermann five times a week, she was being plied with instruction by Dr. Jameson, Candidate Kuschel, a sewing-teacher, and a dancing-master. Small wonder that within a twelvemonth the poor little girl, hardly ten years old, was dangerously ill of a nervous fever, and her recovery despaired of. Even when during a tedious convalescence she felt so weak as to seem a burden to herself and others, her mental thirst for knowledge appeared to increase in proportion to her physical wretchedness. While secretly pining for intellectual occupation, Kuschel appeared at her bedside "laden with four thick quarto volumes bound in gaudy binding, and, as soon as I turned over the very first leaf, I felt myself relieved."

What had the good man brought his little pupil? It was a large, handsome edition of Lavater's "Physiognomical Fragments," borrowed, as a favor, from the library of St. John's Church to amuse the sick child. And she "plunged at once into the study of Lavater's oracular sayings, which sounded very much like curious prophecies. They occupied me unceasingly. I read, understood a little, misunderstood much. . . . The hours flew. I was tranquil, calm, and contented enough, if they would but let me alone."

But her chief delight was in the engravings; and the immediate result was the violent reawakening of that passionate love of art which, as she says, had been first roused by Chodowiecki's visit to the school-room long ago. To learn to draw and paint became her one desire, heightened by first hearing of Angelica Kaufmann and her fame. A woman might then become an artist. Why not she? Timidly, at last she nervously, with much stuttering, besought her father to take her to Berlin to become a pupil of Chodowiecki. Alas! her petition not only was repulsed, but with scorn and irony such, as she truly says, "is too sharp, too cutting a weapon for a poor, tender, open-hearted child, it wounds and exasperates instead of instructing and improving. No one can estimate the length and duration of the scar it leaves behind on the young heart. Parents should think well of this. . . . They were all incensed that a child belonging to their family should have entertained so degrading a thought as to wish to follow a handicraft trade." Only the kindly Jameson was able to sympathize with her, trying instead of ridiculing her plan to convince her of its impracticability. It may be added that in later life she was able to enjoy the cultivation of her talent for art.

So things went on until she was just thirteen, when something happened which may be told in her own words: —

"My mother was standing on our ground floor one hot, sunny morning with a Bohemian dealer in glass, most zealously bargaining with him about the recruiting of our wine and other table glass. Down I flew into her arms, covered with blushes and quite out of breath, fluttering like a bird caught in a net.

"'Mother,' I panted out in agony, 'the candidate wants to marry me!' As if thunderstruck, she dropped the glasses out of her hand; but, speedily recovering her self-composure, she dismissed the glass man for the present, and, appointing for him a more suitable time, she immediately gave a hearing to her daughter."

Poor young Kuschel rashly had imagined that his little pupil had lost her childish heart to him, and, apparently, had really lost his to her in return. For some time something in his manners had excited vague suspicions in the girl, now quite aghast when, "on the morning I took flight, I well remember that the candidate, who had never before touched my hand, wished to embrace me, as he said, 'Well, however, you shall be my own dear little wife.' That was enough, and more than enough, to send me down two high flights of stairs, on the wings of the wind, into the arms of my

mother. I was quite bewildered with terror, and felt as if some fearful danger were close behind me, as if the wedding were immediately to follow, and I should be compelled to become a pastor's wife,—I, who was such a child of this world that, ever since the beginning of the fair, I had been delighted at the prospect of being taken for the first time in my life to see a play."

No more serious punishment was awarded to Kuschel than a long interview with Madame Trosiener, who, it may be supposed, made him well aware of his presumptuous folly. Jeannette, just now reluctant to behold him, was persuaded to face him in her mother's presence while he should prepare her for confirmation, this being thought to bring their long connection as master and pupil to a fitting and dignified conclusion, confirmation being supposed to put an end to lessons and to the period of childhood.

The ceremony itself was conducted in a manner almost suggestive of a visit to the dentist. After months of preparation "the winter wore away, and Easter approached, and at length came the solemn day when I was to go all alone to the Rev. Mr. Weidemann, who was the preacher at the old Gray Friars' Church, and who had long been my parents' father confessor. Candidate Kuschel was waiting for me in the good man's room. After an examination that was conducted very respectfully in his presence, and which appeared to the old gentleman to be only too thorough and complete, I received the blessing as a well-instructed Lutheran Christian, and returned home with a much lighter heart. . . . I should on no account have dared to present myself at the public confirmation, for this was thought unbecoming for the children of any but the lower class of citizens; nor, on the other hand, could the clergyman be invited to my father's house, to perform the ceremony there, in the presence of my family and a small assemblage of friends, which would have been much more agreeable. This practice obtained in the Reformed (Lutheran) Church; and the inhabitants of this Lutheran city, being firmly attached to their ancient usages, did not deviate at all from them." *

Could a more dismal ordeal by way of entrance to the Church be well imagined than this solitary examination and benediction, unwitnessed even by those nearest and most interested? Nor was this all. Jeannette, the Saturday before Whitsunday, must accompany her parents when they, according to ancient custom, went to make their confession the day previous to partaking of the communion. Why the orthodox Lutheran Church retained this popish usage may be partly explained by the fact that the fees received from this source formed a large source of the incomes of the clergy. At the door of the *Trostkammer*, or "chamber of consolation," they found a large crowd of humble people waiting until they should be admitted to confess *en masse*, each paying a groschen. Their evident disappointment at again being forced to wait till after another party of their wealthier fellow-Christians painfully impressed the young girl; and her highly wrought religious emotion received still more of a shock at seeing the sly glance of satisfaction cast by their reverend confessor at the gold coins her father slipped upon the table, one for each. Neither did she derive any benefit from their so-called confession ("my father comprised his in a few general and comprehensive words, my mother repeated a verse of a hymn, and I a short stanza out of one of Gellert's Odes") or the brief exhortation which followed. All seemed artificial and unedifying; and, when they passed back again, still more patient poor folks had swelled the waiting crowd. We do not hear whether her first communion, the next morning, helped in any way to counteract these painful impressions. Scarcely fourteen, and some two years under the usual age for confirmation, Johanna Trosiener was now considered to have been suddenly promoted to young ladyhood.

URSULA TANNENFORST.

Philadelphia.

* In the "Recollections of Friedrich de la Motte Fouqué," author of "Undine," "Sintram," and so many other beautiful romances, we are told how he was confirmed at home, in the presence of his family and friends, and in the French language of his ancestors. One cannot help pitying these young Lutherans whom a foolish prejudice condemned to such a gloomy experience of what other churches, including the Lutheran Church of to-day, unite in trying to render one of the best and sweetest events of early life, which the presence of their companions makes them love to look back upon.

*APRIL.**

April laughed and threw a kiss:
Then, afraid it seemed amiss,
Quick she dropped a shining tear;
And it straightway blossomed here.
Seeing this, she then threw more,
Crying harder than before,—
A tear for every kiss she threw,
From every tear a blossom grew,
Till she, laughing, ran away,
And left her flowers all to May.

ANNA J. GRANNISS.

PHILLIPS BROOKS AS A THEOLOGIAN.

BY HENRY C. BADGER.†

The only point whereon Phillips Brooks is likely to be criticised is as a theologian. "Oh, he is not a thinker," men were accustomed to say. "He is no philosopher." "He is color-blind in theology."

Let us pause to note that the very same could be said, and has often been said, of Jesus himself. Bishop Brooks was great because he combined the large functions of a great preacher and a great bishop with the even higher functions of the high and spiritually-minded thinker and heretic.

Let me read his own words (Open Letter, pages 95, 96): "There are those who hold that from the time of the apostles . . . bishops have been consecrated by bishops, by direct touch of the hand upon the head: that so, from generation to generation, the commission to administer the Christian gospel has come down; and now in this land it belongs to no one outside the succession. You know how largely that theory prevails and always has prevailed in our Church."

"There is no line in the Prayer Book which declares any such theory. It has therefore been a theory held only by individuals. I tell you, my friends, I never could for a single day consent to that." (General Convention, 1886.)

"I do not believe that the threefold organization of the Christian ministry (bishops, priests, deacons) or the existence of the Episcopate is essential to the being of a Christian Church." (Church Congress, Philadelphia, 1890.)

"If our Church does especial work in our country, it must be by the especial and peculiar way in which she is able to bear the witness, not by any fiction of an apostolical succession in her ministry which gives to them alone the right to bear such witness. There is no such peculiar privilege or commission belonging to her or to any other body." (Twenty Sermons, page 56.)

These opinions had been published and were known to all men when he was elected bishop, and provoked a tremendous flutter amongst those Churchmen who hold that the Episcopal Church is the only Church. They knew, also, that this was a very small part of Phillips Brooks's heresy. He denied the personality of the Holy Spirit. They declared that he was an Arian or some sort of a Unitarian, and not a Christian at all. He had been baptized in infancy in a Unitarian Church, by a Unitarian heretic. The bishop of Springfield, Ill., now wrote him (in 1891), after he was elected, but before he was consecrated as bishop, pleading that he would confess his errors, and even be properly baptized now by a bishop or priest, to ease the consciences of Churchmen! (Open Letter, pages 48–55.)

It seemed a trifling thing. A weak man or a small man would have yielded to such a request. But the new bishop was as unyielding as a rock. He saw that he was called to testify for an important principle and against a silly, foolish, and hurtful error. His confirmation as bishop was pending, and the House of Bishops might reject him.

"Let them *do* it," he said, "if they like. My opinions are known to all men. My acts have never been concealed."

Bishop Seymour wrote again from the West, confessing that he himself had some hope of the salvation "of Unitarians and the heathen," and pleading still for a word of comfort or encouragement. (Open Letter, page 145, pages 62 and 138).

Dr. Brooks replied:—

My dear Bishop Seymour,—I thank you for your letter. Some day we shall meet, I hope, and talk over all this. Meantime I must say nothing, except to assure you that I am, Yours sincerely,

June 13, 1891. PHILLIPS BROOKS.

*This little poem appears in a tiny volume entitled "Skipped Stitches." The authoress is a worker in the mills.

†The MS. of this article was found among the papers of the late Rev. Henry C. Badger, and appears here by kind permission of his brother, Mr. W. W. Badger, of New York.

That was sufficiently suggestive. The fact was that Phillips Brooks stood in the Church, and stayed in that Church, only because he intended to do all in his power to make it a better church.

He saw its limitations. He saw its foolish customs and absurd teachings. He knew it to be vain to assail them from without. They could be corrected best from within. He had no intention of supporting them or excusing them. He took pains to violate the rule of his Church which refuses communion to outsiders, and the rule which keeps its friends from sharing in the services of other sects. He personally invited Unitarians like Edward Everett Hale and James Freeman Clarke to partake in the First Communion celebrated in the new Trinity Church (in 1877) (Open Letter, p. 126). He took part with Unitarians and Congregationalists in the Good Friday services in the Old South Church—both in 1891 and 1892—both before and *after* he was consecrated bishop.

He had to remove the fiction of the Infallible Book, the fiction of the Infallible or authoritative priest, the fiction of a finished and completed Church, one not now growing and improving under the guidance of a living God. He had to remove the fiction of an absent God or Christ,—one so remote as to need a vicar or vicegerent here. He needed to remove the fiction of a conjurer's salvation, a Calvinist's hell, and the whole fable of the mythology of the Middle Ages.

It was a large undertaking. The whole modern scholarly world has been at work at it for a century; but America owes a vast debt to the heretics of Boston that they have done so much. Their century begins with James Freeman, in King's Chapel in Boston in 1782.

There was then no bishop in America. The Universalist Bishop Seabury was the first. England would not consecrate him for these rebellious and heretical colonies. So he went to Scotland, and was enrobed by a Scotch bishop at Aberdeen in 1784. James Freeman was then reader and lay-preacher at King's Chapel. Seabury did not dare to ordain him. Later, Bishop Prevoorst of New York dared not. The congregation, therefore, took the matter in hand; and in 1787 the senior warden, Dr. Thomas Bulfinch, "acting for the congregation," ordained him to be, as he said, "Rector, Minister, Priest, Pastor, teaching Elder and Public Teacher." It was James Freeman's heretical but thus consecrated hand that forty-eight years later christened in that chapel the baby-boy named Phillips Brooks.

But Freeman, by remaking the English Prayer Book for King's Chapel, brought in the best form of our Unitarianism,—married the Congregational to the Episcopal Church, and gave us modern Harvard as their child, and Phillips Brooks as a grandchild of whom they are none of them ashamed. Freeman and King's Chapel showed him the vision (which Maurice and Stanley of Oxford came also presently to see) of a living, progressing, and ever-developing church,—not one merely retrospective, stagnant, and dead. To Phillips Brooks's eye his Church or diocese included every man, woman, and child in the State of Massachusetts, whether they consciously recognized Christ or not. But Freeman gave us that free and progressive church. Channing and the Universalists, a quarter-century after Freeman, flung Calvinism overboard, and proclaimed an unselfish and a universal salvation.

A quarter-century more, and Emerson with the Transcendentalists gave the world the new conception of a universal inspiration, one not limited to the Bible. That was the *third* great stride of advance. Phillips Brooks completes the century and the story by accepting all their ideas, while adding the thought of an incarnation not limited to Christ Jesus, but one in which every human creature is called to share, being called to count himself literally a son of God. This was his central idea. Phillips Brooks made so little of dogma, man's thought about God, because his God came so near to man as to touch him at every moment and at every point. God's touch did not depend on man's theory or thinking. God was not waiting for man's thought to find him out. He touched man's physical frame at every moment, at every point, and influenced every motion. He touched every affection of the human heart, every emotion of hope, of fear, of regret, every stir of fancy, every flight of the imagination.

To man's mind, to his eye, for man's best physical image or picture of God,

God's highest visible appearance or incarnation was in the form of Christ the Lord.

To the little blind child, Helen Keller, Phillips Brooks could say that "God once came down and walked on earth as a man." He knew that it was milk for babes, that he was talking to a child. He knew the Divine Wisdom had raised up Christ the Lord to speak thus to every childlike mind and heart. He also said: "God does not come and go. God cannot come to me. It is but a figure of speech when I say so." But he believed in figures of speech. He knew that man must speak, as God speaks, to every power of man. He brought it in the shape of sympathy and appreciation and encouragement. Hence he never spoke solely or chiefly to man's mind. He spoke to the human heart. He spoke to that which is active in the heart of every human being,—that hunger, that unrest, that regret and self-reproach and longing, that sense of shortcoming and unworthiness, that feeling of our deepest need, our need of a heavenly hope and of the divine help, which is always active in the heart of humanity. But because he fought, not against false dogmas, but with man's real foes,—with ignorance, with prejudice and misconception, with discouragement, with sin and shame and fear,—you must not attribute to him dogmas he did not hold.

You must not fancy that he held or taught any false or cheap or popular views as to inspiration or prophecy or miracle or the incarnation, as to heaven or hell or salvation or the Church, or as to any such subject whatever. It is not true. He came to Boston into an atmosphere where the vigorous flail of Channing and Theodore Parker had done the pounding, and had threshed the wheat clean from the chaff. There was no such flailing left for him to do. The clean new corn was ready for man's food. The call was for the constructive hand of him who could now turn it into bread. This was his opportunity and the task of his day. He took in all the best ideas of Channing and Parker and Emerson. He saw their truth. He approved them. Then he hung them as a chaplet of new, fresh roses about the brow of Christ. Religion, he said, Christian Faith, is not a dogma,—not an opinion about somebody or something. It is a personal relation. It is the personal loyalty of a son to his father, to his mother, to his dearest love. That perfect fealty of man with his heavenly Father is both shown and perfected in Christ. Christ is that union. Hence, the whole method and end of preaching is: "Bring men to Christ. Bring Christ to men." (See Yale Lectures, pages 125–130.)

He knew there must be sturdy fighting among thinkers. He knew that much of our easy tolerance to-day is merely the decay of real conviction,—indifference and the courteous and too common talking of platitudes. He meant business. "Often," he said, "we are only trying to be mutually harmless. We are like steamers lying in the fog and whistling, that we may not run into each other." (Yale Lectures, page 233.) "It is safe; but commerce makes no great gain thereby, and it shows no great skill in navigation." He would not, therefore, have called Joseph Cook, as some naughty wag has done, "the Fog Horn of Modern Orthodoxy," though he might have laughed at its fitness. He honored all religions and honest thinking. He perfectly respected individual rights in separate churches and in men. He knew that any church under his care had a perfect right to cloud its altars with incense, to cover it with candles, to have robes or bare feet or crimson lights or tinkling bells, if it would. Bishop Eastburn would not for ten years (1846–56) visit the Church of the Advent in Boston, because of its "mummeries," as he said. Bishop Brooks would find no fault with them at all; but he had no altar in his own church, and he set conspicuously alongside its central door in the main vestibule the proud legend (you could not guess what it was) "Washing Solicited," that his rich parishioners might send their laundry to the "Trinity Wash-house," where needy women could find work. And more than four thousand dollars a year was thus paid out there to honest toil. That was ritualism with the "Helping Hand." He was so hopeful, so brave, of a faith so optimistic that he could not fall into timid fears. Friends of his dreaded to see him made a bishop, lest it cripple him, degrade his influence, and fritter his life away.

A friend said to him: "I've seen an eagle in many aspects. I've seen him perched on his remote crag. I've seen him soaring in

the sky. I've seen him stuffed and mounted in the museum. I've seen him shut up in a cage. But, sir, I never before saw an eagle that was willing to come down and shut himself up in a cage!"

That was about it; but when the Prince of Wales came to visit America, and dined at the Union Club in New York, his noble escort — was it the Duke of Newcastle? — wished to say something patronizing to Dr. Bellows, whose great work as head of our Sanitary Commission during the war was then known to all the world; and, bending from his place opposite the prince at the head of the table, he said, "Ah, Mr. Bellows, I'm told that in your meeting-houses you really use the service of our Church, although watered!" "No, sir,—washed!" was the prompt rejoinder.

"You're inspired!" said Bryant, the poet, who sat beside Dr. Bellows. Inspired, certainly, our leaders must be. "Washed," certainly, our rituals must be. That noble book—the Prayer Book of the English Church—needs purging of clumsy, antique, and untrue phrases which now mar and misrepresent man's faith, without which it remains the noblest expression of our devotion, its prayers, Psalms, and services having been breathed out from the depths of the human heart long ago, mostly before the name of England was known.

But such correcting of our forms and revitalizing of our faith can be done only by inspired heretics.

Sceptics cannot do it. Conservatives will not. Christ Jesus was no conservative. He was no sceptic. He was the grandest of all the world's great heretics. The men of truth and faith are those who sweep away the straw and stubble with which timid men litter up the eternal foundation God hath laid in Christ. Truth only is both radical and conservative.

Of these heretics, Phillips Brooks was one of the wisest and one of the noblest. Timid priests trembled at the sound of his vigorous tread. When he took up, in his turn, in Boston the great work of God's heretics there, Yale College, Princeton, and Andover were parading up and down our land certain dead dogmas which they tried to believe were still alive; but they were mere mummies. Their motions were galvanic, and the religious life behind them was not spontaneous and real. With Phillips Brooks came a new era; and through him Harvard College and the Boston heretics have developed a nobler creed, a sounder faith, and a sweeter and honester religious life.

LIBERAL RELIGION AND AGNOSTICS.

What message has Liberal Religion for practical agnostics? In trying to answer this question, I would suggest in the first place that the intellectual position of the agnostic is incomplete and unsatisfactory. The world-problem demands solution. It is pressing upon us constantly. And we can as little end the matter by saying that we do not know what the solution is as by going beyond our knowledge to say that the problem is insoluble. The agnostic who is content to remain such is a thinker who has given up his problem in either fatigue or discouragement,—an issue with which an active and patient mind will hardly remain content.

But now let us grant the agnostic that we will not contend, any more than himself, that the existence of God can be absolutely proved, demonstrated as we demonstrate a problem in mathematics. We may have an inference, a chain of inferences, leading to a conviction in us stronger than those resting on half the proofs we accept. But this is not strictly a proof itself. Nevertheless, though it be granted that the theist's solution of the problem cannot be considered a conclusive demonstration, what should hinder the agnostic from accepting, provisionally as it were, a working hypothesis in lieu of a demonstration? Does he not accept working hypotheses elsewhere, and proceed as if they were, not merely hypotheses, but assured facts? And that he does not do so in religion seems to me to be a most serious inconsistency in his position.

Let us illustrate from one or two familiar examples in physical science. Let us take the atomic theory. It is taught as one of the fundamental facts of physics that the matter of which bodies are formed is not perfectly continuous, but consists of an aggregation of exceedingly small portion of matter called atoms. It is assumed that these atoms are incapable of being physically

divided; that they are retained side by side without touching each other, and separated from each other by distances which are great in comparison with their supposed dimensions; that they are exactly similar to each other; that they are unchangeable in weight and in volume; and that they are of determinate specific gravities. It is taught that two or more atoms combine together into molecules, and this in definite proportions by weight, and only so; and that these proportions, called atomic weights, are known for all the chemical elements. It is estimated that in a single cubic inch of hydrogen there are one hundred and twenty-five quintillions of these atoms. And Sir William Thompson calculates that in ordinary solids or liquids the average distance between contiguous molecules is between one one-hundred-millionth and one two-billionth of a centimetre; while the number of molecules of gas in a cubic centimetre of air is estimated at twenty-one trillions!

Here is a body of exact knowledge (and more of it might easily be quoted, if there were need) by the side of which the dogmatism of the most conservative orthodox theologian concerning the nature and purposes of Deity pales its uneffectual fire. And yet, to an agnostic, in the realm of physics can any one demonstrate that atoms exist? Have they ever been apprehended by any of the senses? Have we anything that can be admitted into court as positive evidence? Confessedly, the existence and still more the properties of atoms are beyond the bounds of our actual or even possible experience. Spencer himself says that it is impossible to conceive the existence of real atoms as indivisible elements of matter. A well-known writer on modern physics * says, "Confessedly, the atomic theory is but an hypothesis." And he goes on to show how in some respects it is a very inadequate hypothesis. But he continues; "This in itself is not decisive against its value. All physical theories, properly so called, are hypotheses, whose eventual recognition as truths depends upon their consistency with themselves, upon their agreement with the canons of logic, upon their congruence with the facts which they serve to connect and explain, upon their conformity with the ascertained order of nature, upon the extent to which they approve themselves as trustworthy anticipations or previsions of facts verified by subsequent observation and experiment, and, finally, upon their simplicity, or rather their reducing power." It is beyond question that the science of chemistry is founded upon this very atomic theory, and owes a great part of its practical advance to the use of it. And although, strictly speaking, but an hypothesis, yet so perfectly has it fulfilled the requirements made of it that another distinguished physicist says that "the evidence for the existence of atoms and their physical qualities may be called demonstrative." *

Let us take another and perhaps better example, in the theory of ether. The theory of physics, in dealing with the phenomena of light and heat, is that all solid bodies, and infinite space as well, are filled and penetrated by an extremely subtle, perfectly elastic, imponderable medium, which is known as ether. It occupies all space, yet presents no appreciable resistance to the motion of any of the heavenly bodies, except possibly the smaller comets. The luminosity of any body is supposed to be due to the infinitely rapid vibratory motion of its molecules, which, when communicated to this ether, is propagated in all directions, in the form of spherical waves, and which, when transmitted to the retina, causes the sensation of vision.

Yet no one is able to demonstrate the existence of ether. It is not an object of experience. If it exists, it is too subtle to be apprehended by any of the senses, now or ever. And it is the more undiscoverable, since, as it is supposed to fill all space, it can never be determined by the method of difference, through comparison with conditions from which it is absent. Our knowledge of it is confessedly inferential. Yet its existence is now admitted by the most distinguished physicists, and is made the starting-point for the accepted theories of light and heat. And physicists now incline toward the belief that it is concerned in the phenomena not only of light and heat, but also of electricity and gravitation. It is but a working hypothesis, indeed; yet it has the practical force and results of a demonstra-

*Stallo, "The Concepts and Theories of Modern Physics."

*Prof. Dolbear "Matter, Ether, and Motion."

tion from experience. And it is so accepted simply because it affords a better explanation of certain known facts than does any other theory, and because many phenomena of light and heat are quite inexplicable except on the theory that those are modes of motion, transmitted through a medium having such properties as are, *ex hypothesi*, ascribed to ether. "It is," says the physicist last quoted, "either this theory or nothing. There is no other one that has any degree of probability at all." "It is true," he continues, "that there are some physicists who hold rather lightly upon this belief, and who would seem to be ready in a moment to surrender the idea, unless it had been demonstrated in the same way as the existence of matter and of motion has been. But this is not the attitude of philosophic minds."

We see, then, that even in a science so exact as that of physics the scientist does not feel bound in his affirmations to abide within the limits of experience, but is even compelled, in order to any rational explanation of certain accepted facts, to go beyond those limits, into what is not only an unknown, but, for all practical purposes at least, forever an unknowable field; that is, forever beyond the range of possible experience. And we see that what he frames at first as merely working hypotheses yet explain the given phenomena so satisfactorily, are so consistent with themselves, with known facts, and with the principles of logic, furnish the basis of so correct predictions concerning the future, and are withal so simple, and bring such unity into the realm of external nature, that, although they are not without their difficulties, they are nevertheless universally accepted as true, and upon them men found further theories, and by them men determine their practical affairs in the realm of material things, with a confidence that could hardly be exceeded if there were a tangible demonstration of their truth.

And so we might, if there were space or need for it, take up almost any one of the fundamental concepts and theories of modern physics, or of other sciences, and show that there is no empirical demonstration of them, and cannot possibly be, because they are more or less concerned with the unknown or unknowable, and that yet they are accepted and acted upon with as little hesitation as though they were given us by exact demonstration. The criticism upon the position of the agnostic in religion at which we have arrived, therefore, is this: that he is unwilling in this field of thought to accept what he does not see proved,—namely, the existence of God,—although in the physical sciences he accepts some of the most fundamental things without any better proofs or any greater possibility of proof.

Now, the great universe, material and spiritual, when looked at in its completeness, offers us problems for which we need a solution. Where did it originate? What purpose, if any, does it manifest? What is its destiny and ours? How is it governed? If the primeval fire-mist is the earliest thing that we know in the history of the solar system, why did it not remain fire-mist instead of starting out on its glorious course of evolution, which has at length found issue in life, and flowered out into humanity? Whence and why creation's majestic order and unvarying law? The agnostic says that these problems are incapable of solution, because they spring out of the unknowable; and with that he stops. Yet here are precisely such conditions for a solution as are furnished in the problems of physics. Let us, therefore, meet the agnostic on his own ground, and ask him only to face the problem in the same spirit as that with which he faces those of physical science; and, if he cannot find a tangible demonstration, at least to accept a working hypothesis, provided one at all adequate be offered. Now, in answer to these world and life problems, religion offers him such a working hypothesis, if you please, to say the least of it, in the proposition that the universe in its origin and development is to be explained as the creation of a Supreme Intelligence, who was its First Cause, and is its constant Sustainer and beneficent Governor, whose thought is expressed in nature's law, whose love and care for his creatures are shown in that law's beneficence, and whose purpose is for the external universe the achievement of an ever-higher development and more perfect adaptation of part to part, and for man the attainment of that moral perfection known as righteousness.

This hypothesis, even if we are to call it nothing more, offers a solution for the great problem, finds in the universe a meaning

and a purpose, and reveals moral and intellectual order in the midst of what were else intellectual and moral chaos. And this is the only hypothesis that has ever appealed to any considerable proportion of the world's thinkers. For, as the physicist quoted above said concerning the ether theory, "it is either this theory or nothing." The plain alternative is between intelligent purpose and blind chance. The hypothesis which the theist offers the agnostic is not free from criticism, to be sure. But the progress of thought has already freed it from its worst crudities, and has pruned away many of the excrescences which have at different times attached to the form in which it has sought expression. Every advance science makes in the knowledge of the world it tries to understand, instead of weakening the general force of the theistic hypothesis, only helps strengthen it by showing it how to correct its errors. So that, however it may have changed or may still change its form, its essential teaching seems more firmly established with each generation. In short, it meets, quite as perfectly, to say the least, as the hypotheses accepted in physics, the conditions quoted above as necessary to be fulfilled, in order that the truth of an hypothesis may fairly be accepted as established.

This, then, is the message that liberal religion has for the agnostic. It does not urge him to stifle his doubts as other forms of religion often may do, nor to accept any solution of them in blind faith. It charges him to follow them up with all that earnestness and honesty which have ever marked his class, and without flagging of zeal or courage; and it only asks that in fairness he shall not demand more rigid demonstration in this field of thought, so far beyond the power of the human mind fully to comprehend, than he is willing to accept elsewhere. It meets him on his own ground, starts from his own standpoint, and asks him only to meet the problems of religion in the same spirit as that in which he meets those of science. It asks him, if he cannot find an absolute demonstration, then to take a working hypothesis, and to try whether that will not so justify itself, and so fulfil the required conditions, as to become equivalent, for all practical purposes, to a demonstration. It offers him in its pure and simple theism an explanation of the universe which is the most reasonable one, and practically the only one, yet proposed; one toward which multitudes of facts point which seem incapable of explanation on any other grounds, and one which is, by every stage of progress in our knowledge of the world, made more consistent with accepted facts, and more complete in its application to them.

And yet, while liberal religion would deal with the agnostic in this way, and instead of insisting on his accepting a dogma about God would ask him to test the thought of God as a working hypothesis rather than live without any attempt at a solution of the problems of the universe and of man, let it not be supposed that to liberal religion as a movement, or to its adherents as individuals, the idea of God seems no more than a working hypothesis. To those who have put it to the test in the experience of their lives it appeals with all the force of a demonstration. By them it is taken for granted as the idea underlying all their thoughts of the universe, of history, and of experience. They meet the agnostic in this way, simply because they recognize that he must be met on his own ground, if he is to be led to see any essential truth in religion.

Earl Morse Wilbur.

EASTER SUNSHINE.

Easter dawns with holy gladness,
Bringing golden sunlight here:
Now departs the night of sadness
That had filled our souls with fear.

Men have mourned in darkest sorrow
O'er the silent, lonely grave,
Doubting if that any morrow
Could from helpless anguish save.

Then arose the consolation
That the whitest life can give:
He has brought us exultation
In the thought, We all shall live.

Death is but the sun returning
To broad fields now hid from sight,
Where the light of spirits burning
Shall rejoice in deeper light.

Nature works a like unfolding
In the changes now we see,
Truly, we, her deeds beholding
In the grass and budding tree,

Might believe the holy message
As a fact of law divine,
And accept the pleasing presage
That our souls to good incline.

Somehow in the heart abiding
Is a consciousness of this,
Feeling death is no dividing
From our present thought of bliss.

Easter fills the world with gladness,
Making truth so dear our own,
Driving from our hearts the sadness
That about the grave has grown!

WILLIAM BRUNTON.

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*THE EXPANSION OF RELIGION.**

BY REV. E. WINCHESTER DONALD, D.D., RECTOR OF TRINITY CHURCH, BOSTON.

The breath of God, the life of man, the heat of the heart, the vigor of the will, the liveness of the conscience, the one great hope of human nature set in this brilliant, beautiful, sad, and restless world, is still that mighty force which we call religion.

The sole condition of its possibility for every man is openness to the incoming of the Divine. The sole condition of its personal possession is sensitiveness and responsiveness to the Divine. It employs organization, it does not require it. It admits of statement, but lives without it. It welcomes the symbol, but refuses to be bound by symbol. It tolerates the most splendid and gorgeous ritual, it thrives and blossoms in the loneliest hut on the shore of the most lonely and distant sea. It stirs the heart of the pygmy in the dark forest, and animates the soul of the tenant of the Vatican.

The expansion of religion was unthinkable two hundred years ago. To have given it the ample freedom it possesses now would, to English and New England thinking, have caused it to disappear as completely as Christianity has vanished from many of those cities of Asia Minor to which Saint John wrote his striking and now pathetic letters. Religion was not trusted as we trust sunlight and storm: it was guarded like crown jewels, which, if passed from hand to hand, may be lost, and, once lost, lost forever. It was looked at through glass. It is inability to perceive what a free force religion is which explains the widely entertained opinion that religion to-day is decaying.

I am glad to believe, and I do believe, that the idolater, kneeling in blind hope or stupid terror at the feet of his hideous or fantastic idol, is as truly religious as the Romanist hushed and awed at the elevation of the host, or as the liberal passionately moved by the splendid utterance of the great divine truth of the fatherhood of God. I can imagine myself kneeling in the great temple of Buddha at Osaka or in the magnificent mosque of St. Sofia, by the side of the Buddhist or the Moslem, sure that my prayer and theirs reach the listening ear of the one Father which is in heaven, and that God answers us both. It has ever seemed to me a bit of logical folly to point to the universality of man's belief in Deity as proof that there is a God, and in the same breath declare that the god of the pagan and heathen is no god at all. Abruptly to convince the heathen that his idol god is nothing is to do one's best to plunge him into atheism, not to lift him up in the Christian theism. I think, if I were a missionary in Japan, I should begin my work of unfolding Christianity by worshipping Almighty God, Maker of heaven and earth, in a temple of Buddha; and I should explain and defend my act by quoting the words of Jesus, "I am come not to destroy, but to fulfil." Religion, real religion, is in very truth the common possession of all mankind, and varieties of religions mean simply different reports or conceptions of one universal force or fact. Religion in the *heart* of man is everywhere the same kind. The crude article is in Boston what it is in Ahmednuggar. But religion in history, in organization, statement, ritual, is as various as are the climates, civilizations, customs, and inventions of innumerable nations and tribes. Its unity is Divine, its variations are historical and human. That is to say, the unreasoned feeling or the reflected conviction that each human being is related to Deity, and that this relation can be realized by some sort of means, are at the heart of all religion. The terror of the savage is the germ of the Christian awe. The Christian's contrite prayer is the blossoming of pagan's attempt to purchase the Deity's favor by something done or something sacrificed. The sacred dance of the islander is of a piece with the jubilant psalm of the Christian, exulting in his deliverance from his material danger or his spiritual foe. All forms of religion, even

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the religion of Jesus, if only we track them back far enough, will be found rooted in a single fact,—the soul's instinctive, fundamental, ineradicable feeling or conviction that it stands in a real relation to Deity, and that this relation is capable of conscious and continuous realization by action, the carving of an idol, the burning of a beast, the offering of a prayer. And that is what I shall mean by religion generically in my lectures. Ten years ago I might have regarded this statement as accepted and irritating commonplace; but, as one listens to many of our missionary addresses and reads a good deal of the missionary literature, he perceives the necessity of stating with a flagrant plainness that to think of religion, in its elemental idea, as anything other than one the wide world over and all the centuries through, is to slip into the pit of hopeless bewilderment or to take fatal refuge in the paddock of provincialism. That there is one God is a truism until the heathen holds up his hideous or fantastic idol and cries to the Christian, "Is this God?" until a rigid, pitiless, marvellously well-reasoned catechism implicitly asks, "Is this God, *the* God?" It is only as one sees clearly and holds intelligently to a conception of religion which is capable of roofing in every form of it that there is so much as a chance of profound and unconquerable belief in it as the outcome of the Eternal Spirit working in the human soul.

The one plain, persistent, venerable fact about man is that he has always been on the lookout for God, and the story of his search and his discoveries is the history of religion. Not as an apologist of a decaying, but as the interpreter of an expanding force, I come to speak, believing that a true interpretation of movements and achievements at the close of the century which apparently mark the recession of Christianity from the life of the people will reveal rather that religion is more and more taking firm possession of every human interest and endeavor, perpetually translating itself into organizations, enthusiasms, and struggles, which as yet are largely unaware of the true nature of the force which gave them birth, and is supplying them with the life without which they must die. . . .

It is significant, also, that with the expansion of religion into a confident conception of God as our Father the appeal to fear has ceased in many quarters, and has been almost hushed in all. A superficial explanation of this once mighty weapon in the hands of organized religion assures us that, since sin is now regarded as disease, and therefore cannot justly be punished, the necessity of the machinery of torture, whether penal, punitive, or disciplinary, falls to the ground. But it is not true. For, if anything may safely be affirmed by the student of concrete human life, it is that conscience testifies to the reality of sin as the result of self-determination, with all the vigor and unpitying sternness which have characterized its operations from the day on which the first liar uttered his lie and knew his soul was stained. That description which we read this winter of the massive frame of the New York police officer drenched in sweat as the story of his unspeakable wickedness was drawn from his unwilling lips is all of a piece with the story of Ananias falling dead at Peter's feet. Conscience works to-day in precisely the same way it worked in Judea two thousand years ago. Its testimony has remained unchanged through all the changes of the changing years. It asserts that there is as much difference between disease and sin as between color and sound, distance and time. The man or the community that counts upon the final extinguishment of the sense of ill desert when bad deeds are done is counting upon the extinguishment of humanity itself. For, besides the indignation at the costly consequences of wrong-doing, besides the hot, angry vengeance which man and society frequently wreak upon those who destroy their goods and peace, there is always a clear, strong, mordant perception of the intrinsic wickedness of the wrong itself. The permanent is the moral: the passing is the special forms in which the moral appears. The use of tobacco in Wahhabee, untruthfulness in Boston, are great sins; but, though Boston smile at Wahhabee and Wahhabee wonder at Boston, there lives in each the unshaken conviction that sin is not a disease, but is forever, while man is man, the outcome of an exercise of the power of self-determination. But, when one reflects upon the fulness and force with which the idea of the fatherhood of God has been presented in the last quar-

ter of our century, and how completely it has possessed our religious thinking and worship, it ought not to be regarded as strange that the old insistence upon the certainty of vengeance, uttering itself in the torture of the wicked, should die away. Torture and a father cannot go together. If torture is to remain, fatherhood must first disappear. If fatherhood is to be the root idea in our conception of God, then torture disappears as naturally as does the darkness when the sunshine comes over the mountain top. There was no noisy battle between the ideas of God as a father and God as a book-keeper recording the actions which one day should become fuel for everlasting fires, and the idea of God as full of paternal yearning for his children's love, and unloosing his punishments only to discipline and deter, just as there can be no fierce conflict when the innocence of childhood passes into the knowledge of the grown man. The decline, therefore, of the effort to create fear—though terror is the more descriptive word—as a means of securing man's obedience to God, and equally the refusal of men any longer to be coerced by it into acceptance of doctrines or conformity to observances, so far from indicating a weakening of religion, rather attest its increased vitality; for the obedience of love is ever more valuable, more lasting, more significant, than the compliance of fear, just as the willing obedience of the volunteer is better than the enforced obedience of the drafted man, as the free, intelligent loyalty of the citizen who never thinks of jails and fines is more significant of the city's order than the multitudes cowed by the police. . . .

It does not disturb me if I hear men claim to have found in other books what I find in the Bible. It no longer appalls me if I hear other men claim that God is more real to them as they watch the process by which nature heals the wound upon the twig or of the bird's body than he is when they stand beneath the roof of the Christian Church, if only I can see the truthfulness, purity, and compassion which live in man only as man lives in God. The great question is not, How or where do you find God, but have you found him? The moment that question is the question of religion everywhere, anything like an attempt to secure identity of beliefs by processes of mere coercion becomes a solecism. But it is becoming *the* question of mankind more and more, not because the State has forbidden the use of force in the prosecution of religious enterprise or in the persecution of heresy, nor yet because of the mysterious rise of the gospel of free thought, but because men have had the vision of God as a Father, and in that vision have clearly and, let us hope, forever perceived that his truth is to be learned, like any truth, through the rational and free and honest processes of the intellect. . . . The decline of the principle of arbitrary authority is not simply coincident with the expansion of religion; and, when we shall have fully admitted it to legitimacy, we shall love it and honor it and glory in it as a proud father rejoices in the splendid achievements of his illustrious son. . . . We shall see that Toynbee Hall and the People's Palace, the University Settlement, and the Wells Memorial, the trades-unions, the public bath and the day nursery, the discontent with alms and the treatment accorded those in whom is slowly being born the love of struggle as distinguished from that meted out to those in whom cowardly dependence is an ineradicable habit, are all symptoms of a religious purpose, as yet dim, unformed, directionless, which is really endeavoring to secure to man the conditions under which all that is best in him shall have the best chance to be at its best. Perhaps the churches may be the last officially to recognize and claim this purpose as their own. No matter. Out of the churches mainly are to come the heat and light which shall keep this purpose from dying down, or from forever stumbling blindly and wildly on its way toward the realization of itself in the sweet, happy, fruitful, peaceful life of humanity. What the special social forms of that new life shall be, what the required industrial, commercial, and political changes shall be, what the fixed influence upon it the unreclaimed and irreclaimable character of the individual shall be, how long and how costly the processess by which it is achieved may be, no man knoweth. But what I think is already clear is this: that the restless movement of our time, witnessed by the uneasy throbbing of the great heart of society, by the universal struggle to free itself from the conditions which seem at least to stunt

it, proceeds out of the conviction, articulate or inarticulate, that salvation expanded to meet the requirements of a larger man to be saved.

TO A ROBIN, ON EASTER MORNING.

The Easter morn dawned bright and clear,
The fairest morn in all the year.
The sun had shed his rays abroad
As if to better worship God,—
When on the air, so still and clear,
Was wafted to my listening ear
A robin's glad, melodious lay,
As if he, too, would hail the day.
Thrice welcome, joyous bird of spring!
Your presence here doth promise bring
Of resurrection from the dead
The leaves and flowers that autumn shed!
In every church throughout the land
Will rise up songs and anthems grand
To God, who gave each mortal breath,
To Christ who triumphed over death;
Not any songs sung here below—
No matter from what source they flow—
Will be more prized than your sweet lay!
'Twill make me happy all the day!
And he who notes the sparrow's fall
Doth also note your gladsome call!

NELLIE S. WAIT.

Farwell, Mich.

THE RIVIERA.

From Marseilles to Genoa and from Genoa to Spezia the Riviera presents a panorama unsurpassed for beauty. In this favored region, protected from the north winds by the Alps, the olive, orange, lemon, and date-palm flourish. The mountains form the background and the Mediterranean the foreground of the picture.

The Riviera climate is the most delightful in Europe, but the invalid must observe many precautions.

Warm clothing, sunny rooms with fireplaces, and hotels in some degree heated must be sought. Indoor artificial heat to the American standard of comfort cannot be found in Europe. Americans accustomed to furnace-heated houses should never attempt to travel in Europe in winter. They should settle down in comfortable winter quarters from the first of December until the middle of February, and avoid picture galleries and churches; for they are like cold storage vaults during these months.

Nice and San Remo are the most desirable winter resorts on the Riviera. Nice has the attractions and resources of a large city with most beautiful environs.

Cimiez, where the queen is stopping, is most beautiful and full of historic interest. It is the old Cemenelium of the Romans; and there are the remains of an old Roman amphitheatre, surrounded by modern villas.

It was at Nice that Charles V. and Francis I. met to settle their difficulties, and a marble cross commemorates the meeting. Charlemagne with his army passed over the road by the sea.

Stone towers built as watch-towers for protection against the Saracens line the coast.

All the towns of Italy bear witness in their architecture to the troublous times through which the country has passed, for every man's house was literally his castle. High stone walls covered with spikes and broken glass; iron gates, which would have offered good defence before the days of gunpowder; windows barred with iron; and massive doors,—all speak of a country where safety depended upon the might of the right hand and the strength of the fortress.

San Remo consists of two distinct towns: the modern town by the seashore, of hotels, parks and villas; and the mediæval town built on the side of the hill, crowned by the old church of Madonna della Casta and the ruins of a château. This old San Remo, like the other mediæval towns perched on the sides of the hills of Italy, is quaint, almost beyond description. Narrow, winding passages, partly roofed over, burrow around the sides of the hill, other vaulted lanes branch off in various directions, and way up gleams a bit of blue sky. Not a ray of sunshine can come into the houses from these narrow lanes; but they are built tier above tier on the side of the hill, and the outside windows have light and sunshine. This labyrinth of narrow but clean lanes and flights of steps lead up into the open square, where stand the public well, the municipal buildings, and the school-house.

From San Remo most delightful walks through the olive groves and over the hills lead to the quaintest of towns, each with its miracle-working Madonna, for whom the believing country people have built beautiful chapels, fit to adorn any large city.

Monte Carlo is often called the most beautiful spot in Europe. Nature has lav-

ished upon it all her gifts; and man has embellished it until the little town is like a vast garden. But, I fear, it is not for the natural beauty that the crowds seek the place, rather to visit its famous Casino.

People at a distance cannot realize how the gambling spirit of Monte Carlo dominates the towns about. The winnings and losings at the gaming tables were the main topic of conversation at our hotel in Nice. With very few exceptions every one in our hotel went to Monte Carlo, as they openly said, "to gamble."

The demoralizing effect of this place upon the world cannot be estimated. Even during my five weeks' stay in Nice I saw people go, at first apologetically, just for fun, then more frequently, until they went without apology.

Having heard continual talk of Monte Carlo and its Casino, we determined to see it for ourselves. In the evening women in beautiful toilets and gentlemen in evening dress gave the impression of a fine reception, save for the subdued voices and the air of repression, as if in the presence of some dreadful crime.

Around the tables women with white hair, who looked as if at home they might be presidents of temperance societies, were staking their gold beside men and women of most unenviable notoriety. To my surprise, there were about as many women at the tables as men.

Not a loud word and hardly a whisper was heard at the tables. There was on all the faces an expression of eagerness and an air of repressed excitement. The eager staking and clutching of the gold was positively painful to see, and the continual throwing upon the table and raking in of gold made a sight never to be forgotten. Thousands were lost and won every few minutes. I never was in such a depressing place in my life: there was not the slightest appearance of pleasure about it. Even in the ante-rooms people paced silently back and forth, or spoke in the subdued tones heard where some awful tragedy has taken place.

The Casino at night was more like a dream, with its artificial light and beautiful gowns; but by daylight the bald iniquity of the place stood out unrelieved. All in the rooms except a few, evidently spectators, were about the tables watching the turn of the roulette boards or the fall of the cards. The anxiety, the misery, the eagerness, of the faces were a study for a tragic poet. One of the ladies in our party on leaving the Casino said, "I have been in hell."

The pen of a Dante could have made of this another circle to his "Inferno," and in it, compelled through all time to stake the shining gold, put the great speculators and gamblers of all sorts of our age, with their eager wish to get something for nothing.

The great number of the tragedies enacted there are never known, so quiet is everything kept.

A gentleman told me that the newspapers all about were subsidized not to report the suicides at Monte Carlo. Within five weeks six suicides did get into the papers. The saddest of which, perhaps, was that of a young couple on their bridal journey, who, losing all their money, shot each other on the steps of the Casino, and both fell dead at the entrance. The paper reporting it simply gave the facts, and added, "For several days the Casino was almost deserted."

The immense profits made by the company can be judged by their expenses. The beautiful Casino and its grounds are open free to the public, and a fine concert is given every evening in the music-room. The Prince of Monaco receives an immense rental.

There is certainly a most deplorable amount of gambling in America, but anything like the unblushing wickedness of Monte Carlo we have not yet seen.

The homage that vice pays to virtue is of more value than we are apt to allow, in keeping ordinary mortals in the paths of decency and order.

MARIE C. REMICK.

"Be always patient and agreeable. If any one has offended you, offer to God the pain you have suffered."—*Francis of Assisi.*

"Many a one by being thought better than he was has become better."—*Benjamin Jowett.*

And every tender living thing shall feed
by streams of rest;
Nor lamb shall from the fold be lost, nor
nursling from the nest.

—*Ruskin.*

UNITARIANISM IN THE ENGLISH SCHOOLS.

Unitarians have need to be stirring themselves, to judge by the determined resistance being offered to the relaxation of the terms of the notorious Circular of the London School Board. This document, in spite of being so unmistakably repudiated by the electors last November, remains in force; and it is clear that the slender majority accidentally possessed by Mr. Riley and his friends is relied upon to keep it so.

A case well fitted to test its operation has just been brought forward; and we wish to direct special attention to it, so that friends in the country as well as in London may see what is done and attempted to be done against us and our principles. It will be remembered that on the issue of the Circular a large body of teachers under the board applied to be relieved from the duty of giving the kind of religious teaching it specified. The majority of the board, wishing, no doubt, to break the fagot stick by stick, refused to take cognizance of the teachers' united memorial, and demanded individual application from each. Although the bulk of the teachers resented, and still resent, this demand, several have made special application, among them being the teacher whose case has leaped into prominence. This teacher, Mr. Alfred Lucas, as long ago as April last, and, independently of the course adopted by the general body of teachers, wrote the following letter to the board:—

I am one of those teachers who cannot conscientiously impart Bible instruction in the spirit of the religious Circular of April 12, and must therefore ask that means may be taken *without prejudice to my position* under the board, to release me from the duty of giving Bible lessons *while this Circular remains in force*. It is very painful to me to be driven to take this step, after giving the instruction in the above school to the satisfaction of the board for nearly twelve years. To be shut out from the most important lesson of the day is, indeed, a serious position to be placed in, and I protest against it.

"I believe that religion is inward, spiritual, and practical, and can be taught to children by those who really know it, without teaching one of the many propositions concerning the nature of Jesus Christ, the composition of the separate persons of the Godhead, and the meaning and issues of the sacrifice of Jesus. I think, too, that religious teaching, given heartily and sincerely by a religious teacher, is far more likely to affect favorably the lives and character of the children than the inculcation of theological propositions which the teacher repeats lifelessly, perhaps reluctantly, in accordance with an order from the board. But, as the majority of the board appear to think otherwise, and call upon me to accept a new position and duty, which was not a part of my original agreement, or else withdraw from giving religious instruction, I most reluctantly accept the latter alternative. (Signed)

ALFRED LUCAS.

P.S.—It seems to me that those who drew up and issued the Circular are the persons best qualified to interpret it and consider applications for release from the duty of giving the Bible lessons. Hence I have applied to the board in preference to my head master or the managers.

This letter, which is assuredly marked by a spirit at once candid, self-respecting, and sincerely religious, was answered by his removal, in July, from his class during the period of religious instruction; and he has been kept at boy's work, as he says, "pottering about," during the time thus allotted.

It is specially noteworthy in the interests of the children themselves to observe what has happened to Mr. Lucas's class of boys. But let us first see what was the case as regards their religious instruction before the board's Circular was issued. Mr. Lucas was a member of a Wesleyan church for thirteen years, including the first part of his experience as a teacher under the board. During the latter half of his twelve years' work for the board he has been a member of our Bermondsey congregation. Was there any sudden, or even gradual, break between his instruction to the boys before and after his change from Orthodoxy to Unitarianism? We must believe not; for not only were his reports from the inspectors uniformly good, but his head teacher, Mr. Jennings, *who is an Evangelical Churchman*, wrote quite recently as follows: "I must say that all Mr. Lucas's lessons in Scripture for twelve years" (*i.e.*, the whole period up till the board's interference) "were given with *greatest care and reverence, and to my great satisfaction.* My only hope is that he will again resume his commendable work."

The head teacher knows what he is writing about, and under pressure of knowledge as to the inner working of these vexatious restrictions. Not only does he lose the services of an able and trustworthy man who is kept "pottering" when he might be doing excellent work, but, after vainly endeavoring himself to give the boys (Standard IV.) the prescribed lesson, he has had to hand over the whole class of seventy-five boys for religious instruction to a pupil teacher, who, poor lad, has thirty-five boys in addition of his own to look after. Fancy one hundred and ten boys of from ten to twelve years old, all lively and vigorous, receiving careful "religious" and even "theological" instruction from an inexperienced youth! It happens, to aggravate the case, that the pupil teacher is rather backward, has had to take an extra year to complete his apprenticeship, and the inspectors' reports on his Scripture during the last three years include such entries as "Fair," "Very Poor," "Unsatisfactory," "Very Poor" again, and never give better than "Fairly Good." So much for the majority's jealous care of the religious instruction of the children.—*London Inquirer.*

ONE UPWARD LOOK EACH DAY.

Sunday.

Light at Last.

Dark skies must clear, and, when the clouds are past,
One golden day redeems a weary year.
Patient I listen, sure that sweet at last
Will sound his voice of cheer.

Then vex me not with chiding. Let me be.
I must be glad and grateful to the end.
I grudge you not your cold and darkness: me
The powers of light befriend.

—*Celia Thaxter.*

Monday.

The Love that casts out Fear.

This I believe,—that all is meant for good,
That winter holds the potency of spring,
That pain is root of many a pleasant thing,
And sorrow but "a joy misunderstood."
Shall sorrow, then, make boast of hardihood,
And pain disown its penetrating sting?
Nay, we must drain the cup of suffering,
Must feel each shadow of the darkling wood
Through which we wander, and whose dim, perplexed,
Bewildering issues no one may deny.
Nathless the trusting soul shall go unvexed
By any fruitless questions, what or why;
For still to love—the love that casts out fear—
The secret of the Lord is always clear.

—*Mary Bradley.*

Tuesday.

Spring.

For thou, O Spring, canst renovate
All that high God did first create.
Be still his arm and architect,
Rebuild the ruin, mend defect;
Chemist to vamp old worlds with new,
Coat sea and sky with heavenlier blue,
New tint the plumage of the birds,
And slough decay from grazing herds,
Sweep ruins from the scarped mountain,
Cleanse the torrent at the fountain,
Not less renew the heart and brain,
Scatter the sloth, wash out the stain,
Make the aged eye sun-clear,
To parting soul bring grandeur near.

—*Ralph Waldo Emerson.*

Wednesday.

From Day to Day.

From day to day, from year to year,
New waves of change assail us here;
Each day, each year, prolongs the chain,
Where pleasure alternates with pain.

New precious obligations come,
New sanctities of love and home,
New tender hopes, new anxious fears,
And sweet experiences of tears.

Old tastes are lost, old thoughts grow strange,
Old longings gradually change,
Old faiths seem no more dear or true,
Lost in the full light of the new.

Though much be taken, much is left,
Not all forsaken nor bereft;
From change on change we come to rest,
And the last moment is the best.

—*Lewis Morris.*

Thursday.

The Heavenly Voice.

Beneath the world's discordant noise
I heard the whisper of a voice.
It spake in tones so sweet, so mild,
And bade me "trust," and called me "child,"
And said that evil, woe, and wrong
Could all be conquered through His might;
The sinful cleansed, the weak made strong,
And all injustice changed to right.
It said that truth alone endures,
That lies and hate must share one fate;
That love almighty is, and cures
All pain and heartache soon or late;
That shadow ever proves the light,
That heaven is never far from sight.

And now no more the note I hear
That mocked my hope; but low and clear,
When faint of heart and weak of faith,
The heavenly voice still speaks to me,
And, deep beneath all deeps, it saith,
"Doubt not, my child; for I am He!"
—*Charles E. Perkins.*

FRIDAY.

The World.

The world is well lost when the world is wrong,
No matter how men deride you.
For, if you are patient and firm and strong,
You will find it in time (though the time be long)
That the world wheels 'round beside you.

If you dare to sail first o'er a new thought track,
For awhile it will scourge and score you:
Then, coming abreast with a skilful tack,
It will clasp your hand and slap your back,
And vow it was there before you.

Ay, many an error the old world makes,
And many a sleepy blunder;
But ever and always at last it wakes,
With pitiless scorn for another's mistakes,
And the fools who have followed go under.

The world means well, though it wander and stray
From the straight, short cut to duty.
So go ahead in that path, I say,
For after a while it will come your way,
Bringing its pleasure and beauty.
—*Ella Wheeler Wilcox.*

SATURDAY.

Be Thyself.

Be thyself! A nobler gospel
Never in the past has been.
Be thyself: 'tis holy scripture,
Though no Bible-lids between.

Dare to shape in thought the language
That is lying in thy brain;
Dare to launch it, banners flying,
On the bosom of the main.

Then though coward world may scorn thee,
Friendship fail, and fortune frown,
Earth itself grow dark around thee,
Foes on thee in rage look down,

Heed not: there's a world more potent
Carried in thy manly heart.
Be thyself and do thy duty,—
Thou could'st ask no holier part.
—*William Denton.*

"I bring
Life, with the gospel. Up, quit you like gods!"
—*John Davidson.*

EDITORIAL.

Easter. LIGHT, hope, and life are to be found, and found abundantly, in the noble Easter sermon, by Rev. Theodore C. Williams, which we have the privilege of presenting to our readers in this issue. What is all resurrection? Union of that impulse below which strives upwards, as the springing sod toward heaven, with that appealing influence from on high, which is ever drawing, inviting, calling, the forces of earth to burst their tomb. The closer the union, the more complete the resurrection.

"Our wills are ours;
To make them Thine."

Faire et Taire. SINCE the issue of the last number of the *Unitarian* we have incidentally heard from twelve ministers that direct benefit to the interest and work of their particular parishes was due to this magazine. One writes, "It ought to be in every home of our faith, and I think it will be"; another, "Have just read the *Unitarian*, and am writing to have a sample copy sent to *every one of my parishioners*"; another, "Please find enclosed the names of fourteen new subscribers to the *Unitarian*"; another, "Such help as the *Unitarian* gives the minister of a parish cannot be overestimated." We cannot but rejoice in this appreciation, this paper has absolutely no personal ambitions, no party or section or faction to serve. It is simply interested in the denomination, in Unitarianism, in every Unitarian individual, circle, school, club, church, alike. It aims to be thoroughly representative of Unitarianism, North, South, East, and West. Its aim and effort is to carry information from one to another of what is being thought, spoken, done, in every department of our work. It strives to secure the best representative writers on every subject. It sinks its own individuality. It wishes to be useful to all, to serve, *faire et taire.*

Resurrection. A VERY interesting correspondence has been going on in the *Spectator* with regard to the doctrine of the resurrection of the body.

One writer declares that it is "puzzling and painful" that any believer should ac-

cept so "disastrous" a doctrine in any strictly literal sense.

"Any religion that demands a belief involving a demonstrable absurdity, or a miraculous interposition incomprehensible even in idea, is thereby fatally wounding itself."

The man dies with all sorts of diseases upon him. The soldier dies with all his scars, with perhaps an arm lost and an eye blinded by a splinter of shell. The paralytic dies with his power of controlling his own motions gone. Nine aged men out of ten die with enfeebled sight and hearing, and other great traces of destruction which time brings to a frame never meant to survive for more than a century, at most.

Does any one suppose that these marks of gradual decay survive after death? If so, death is indeed the conqueror, and not the conquered.

What Paul describes as the body of the resurrection can by no possibility be the very body of any previous time of life. "It is sown a natural body: it is raised a spiritual body."

Yes, that is what Paul teaches, and that is what Jesus teaches.

Bread upon the Waters. The American Unitarian Association has a great heart. It is not a corporation without a soul. Indeed, it may be said to be the typification of soul, its whole effort being directed toward the diffusion of the pure ideal life of one soul, the Christ soul, into all souls. It draws into its own warm heart the offered sympathy of the thousands of its scattered contributors throughout the Union, and then it pumps that spiritual helpfulness out again to every distant needy corner of its diverging organism. On the banks of the Missouri and down to the great gulf, on the blue Pacific's golden coast and up in the hillside villages of old Vermont, may be found the spiritual offspring of its affectionate care.

Its mother heart rejoices in the growth to independence of each child. The last one recording its maturity is the First Unitarian Church of Greeley, Col., Rev. C. Howard Wilson, minister. This Society has just returned to the Building Loan Fund the last instalment of the sum received ten years ago; and this amount, having done its helpful work at Greeley, will be immediately sent forth again in another direction, to carry courage and cheer to some new infant still in the nurse's arms.

Irksome Authority. The pastoral letter issued by the six bishops of the Episcopal Church, on behalf of the general council, upon which we commented last month, is arousing much resentment among the clergy to whom it was addressed. Viewed from outside the Episcopal Church, the questions at issue appear revolutionary.

The bishops merely insisted upon the proper acknowledgment of those thoroughly orthodox dogmas of a closed revelation and a miraculous incarnation for which the Church has always indubitably stood. The bishops said: We have a divine authority once for all given in Scripture, we have a definite belief established by the Church. It is for us to insist upon this authority and enforce this belief. Many of the clergy, however, declare they cannot live under such dictation. They cannot admit that revelation is something that occurred once and is since closed. They even dare to affirm that their own opinions and views do not cease to change and grow, even after having taken ordination vows, so that it is impossible for them to hold just the same doctrines unalterably from decade to decade.

Rev. Charles Ferguson, rector of the Episcopal church at Cohasset, Mass., has issued an open letter, protesting against "the false teaching that God has set up a book to be an infallible oracle of truth," "that there is a body of Christian doctrines divinely formulated, and given to the Church to keep forever untouched," "that the incarnation is an isolated event, unrelated to the course of nature."

Mr. Ferguson further denies the authority of the bishops to dictate terms of faith. He denies that the ordination vows of the Episcopal Church are intended to pledge the clergy to hold a fixed body of doctrine. We can only regard such an attitude on the part of an Episcopalian rector as revolutionary. His views are not countenanced by the articles of the Church, the Prayer Book, or the creeds.

At the same time we heartily agree with the rector of Cohasset in his desire to be

free from these conscience-chilling restrictions, and can only ask, "Why remain?"

Burst by Expansion. While others have been rebelling in detail against the strict doctrine enforced by the Episcopal bishops, Rev. E. Winchester Donald, the successor of Phillips Brooks at Trinity Church, Boston, has been busily preparing a mighty blast, which seems likely indirectly to cause an explosion of the bishops' petard. Dr. Donald delivered the opening lecture in the Lowell Institute course in Boston on the evening of March 12, taking for his subject "The Expansion of Religion." In this address Dr. Donald so enthusiastically and conclusively advances the claims of a rational, natural, liberal theology that all the ancient ecclesiastical orthodox doctrines promulgated in the pastoral letter

"Strain and snap, while hearts of stone
Their natural hard, proud strength disown."

There is a noise as of an inward convulsion of nature. The rector of Trinity declares: "God's truth is to be learned like any other truth, through the rational and free and honest processes of the intellect." "The great question of the day is not the particular method, or the how or the where of finding God; but have you found him?"

The moment that is seen to be the only important question in religion, then any attempt to compel identity of belief is recognized as absurd. Dr. Donald's attitude will certainly call for some response from his ecclesiastical superiors. To us it seems like a breath of real inspiration, lifting our wearied senses above the moil of musty ecclesiastical logomachy into the nobler warfare of the eternal elements. We are able to give our readers some interesting extracts from this notable address, which will be found upon another page.

Drumming to Salvation. The big drum is not a parlor instrument; but, in its place, it is an instrument of power. The Salvation Army has found the place for it, and has used it with power and marvellous effect.

To have done this is little short of a stroke of genius. There is a depth of human degradation which nothing but such thunderous sounds can rouse and quicken. Into these depths the brave soldiers of General Booth have descended, and have set the deadly atmosphere vibrating with hope.

This is a very noble work,—one to which we Unitarians wish the heartiest God-speed. In the report of the Army for 1894 Mr. Bramwell Booth says: —

"Our doors stand open night and day to every friendless man or woman who is willing to work, without respect to age or history or creed or prospects. All our labor points to great reformation in *character*, which is the true secret of permanent improvement in circumstances."

It is said that in the shelters established by General Booth five thousand homeless men are cared for every night, in London alone.

The aim is to "lay hold of the suffering man who has 'gone under' in the struggle for subsistence, and to offer him instant aid by offering him instant employment; and to take away the workless and idle man from the overcrowded labor market in the city, and place him on the land, 'where his labor enriches the nation, does not lessen the earnings of his fellow-workmen, and where he is engaged in an industry in which there cannot be overproduction.'"

Use of Churches. When we consider that the value of church property in the United States is estimated at $680,000,000, and the total annual cost of maintaining and operating these churches at $140,000,000, one may well believe that the use of churches to the community is a very practical question. An admirable treatment of this subject was given in an essay read before the Unitarian Club of Boston by Rev. W. W. Fenn of Chicago. Mr. Fenn is not content with superficial or hasty conclusions: he goes down to the true philosophy of life. Ever essential to a proper perspective of the practical value of our institutions is the great phrase which Jesus quotes from Deuteronomy, "Man does not live by bread alone." There is a silent influence in the Church which, by reason of its silence, attracts no noisy notice, and brings no popular honor to the source whence it issues. In reviewing Dr. Parkhurst's book, "Our Fight with Tammany," a writer in the *Critic* says,—

Dr Parkhurst "has proved incontestably that Christianity is still an irresistible force in our public and moral life, and, above all, though corruption may be victorious for a time, and flaunt its ill-gotten prosperity in the face of decency, the majority of our people are clean of heart and honest of purpose."

And what has kept them so but the silent influence of the Church? No other influence except that of religion could have preserved so large a section of our people pure.

For years the stream of tendency has set strongly in the direction of low ideals and a debasing standard of morals, but the permanent protest of the churches has availed. The majority of citizens stand firm, and because they stand firm Dr. Parkhurst's reforms have been made possible. The money which the Church costs can never measure this incalculable good.

The Devil. It is a very suggestive thought that man's idea of the devil developed as his idea of God developed. Prof. C. C. Everett brings this out with his usual clearness in the article which holds the first place in the March number of the *New World*. There is no devil in the earlier Jewish writings. Eve's tempter is merely a serpent, the most cunning of animals. But in these same writings there is no very exalted idea of God. The Deity is described as jealous, angry, as tempting man, as making mistakes and repenting of them. To the early Hebrew, God was everything, the source of evil and of good.

As a potent personality, Satan first appears in the Book of Job. Here also the thought of God is immensely exalted.

Compare the character of the Almighty in Job, Isaiah, the Psalms, with that of Genesis. With this exaltation of the thought of God came also difficulties in believing him to be the source of evil: hence the rise of the great adversary, Satan. Where the light is dim, the shadows are dim; but, as the light grows brighter, the shadows grow blacker, and, if light were to become so intense as to penetrate all substance, then the shadows would disappear altogether.

So it is with the devil. He has vanished, because we see that the power and presence of God penetrate all things; and what we call evil is but the temporary quality of our present incompleteness.

With what Measure. Everything, on the dry land or in the waters, has to give an account of itself.

Paul's view that each one of us shall give account of himself to God is in harmony with nature and with reason.

It becomes, if this is true, a matter of deep interest to know on what principle God will estimate the account we shall have to render. The opinion of Jesus on this point is expressed with extreme clearness in the parable of the talents. One man brings to his Lord ten talents, and another only four; and yet to each is given the same reward. What was the measure of equality by which they were judged?

It was not the amount which they achieved, for that was very different; but the point on which they were alike was the proportion which the results bore to their opportunities. In each case this proportion was the same: in this respect they were equal.

If we are to take Jesus as our guide, this is the measure by which we shall be measured, this is the standard by which the account we shall have to render will be estimated, this is how God will judge us.

Departments.

AMERICAN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION.

The rumor, as yet premature, that the government is to adopt our Indian School in Montana next July is working injury to the enterprise. Whatever may happen at the close of this year, everything is running in the usual order. About $2,000 is still required to balance the books at the close of the current year. If the government refuses its aid after that, or we decline to receive it, the choice must be made between the carrying on of the school independently or its surrender. Meanwhile no change has been made which should affect the gifts and good will of our constituents.

There is a streak of light in the East. Our church at Farmington, Me., closed for two years, began to feel the rising tide of interest, and now, having had Rev. William H. Ramsay for a month, has awakened to a vigorous life. From another church in Maine, reported "closed," comes a contribution for the American Unitarian Association.

$500 have been appropriated for work in Albany, and a vigorous campaign will begin

immediately. The church at Ithaca still waits for the generous gifts which will relieve the embarrassment of debt. Passaic, N.J., fostered in its early life by Rev. S. H. Camp, has settled Rev. F. S. C. Wicks, become independent, and nearly self-supporting.

The Southern Conference meets at Baltimore April 30 to May 2. Rev. John Cuckson preaches the sermon. Mr. Chaney writes, "Sink or swim, I am bound to put that conference through with power." Mission services have been held by him in Mobile and Montgomery. For the same purpose Mr. Peirce will go to Vicksburg, Thayer to Nashville, Seaton to Norfolk. "Circles, Alliances, leagues, or churches may come of every such visit."

Under the leadership of Rev. J. E. Roberts, Kansas City, the church at St. Joseph, Mo., is looking forward in hope of better things. Plans are on foot to revive the work at Beatrice and Lincoln, Neb. The work of Rev. W. D. Simonds at Madison, Wis., is reported as very successful. Mr. Simonds was formerly minister of the Independent Church at Battle Creek, Mich. The First Liberal Church of Great Falls, Mont., has been organized during the last year, called Rev. J. D. Reid, and met all their expenses for the year, except the $200 granted by the American Unitarian Association as a final appropriation.

After suffering many things, and just after a Sunday when fresh hope had been kindled, our beautiful church at San Diego was burned. Nothing can yet be immediately determined as to its future. The insurance and the land will not fully cover the debt. Even the most prosperous churches on the Pacific Coast report "hard times." $5,000 would re-establish the church in San Diego. The faithful band of workers there deserves a better fate than failure for lack of such assistance.

The heresy trials reported from Berkeley are interesting and illustrative. A student in the University of California, accepting as truth what is now taught by all intelligent scholars in all universities, is expelled from the Baptist church of Berkeley for heresy. Prof. Woodworth, for defending the young man, is also expelled. Then the Baptist minister, who had affirmed that the university was destroying Christianity, resigns because the congregation is divided and the young people are tainted with the heresy of the professor. Here in a nutshell is the epic of modern religious progress.

The Council of the National Conference, the faithful friend and adviser of the American Unitarian Association, has been considering the time and place for the next National Conference. In order, the Council considered Saratoga, Chicago, Philadelphia, and Washington. For many reasons Washington was found to be the most desirable; and the meeting has been appointed to begin October 21. The secretary and treasurer reported that social arrangements could be made equal, if not superior, to those at Saratoga. To wait three years for a meeting of the Conference seemed out of the question. To hold a meeting in the turmoil of the presidential year was also inadvisable. To meet next October, while the feeling excited at Saratoga is still at flood-tide, it is believed, would lift all our interests and activities to a higher level.

In Japan our interests are well cared for. The expenses this year are much reduced. Our name and cause were never in better repute. But no one can tell what will follow the conclusion of the war. There may be a wave of anti-foreign feeling. There may be a wholesale shifting of theological positions which will put liberal Christianity at the front.

From Hungary have come warm expressions of sympathy for the loss of Dr. Reynolds. In co-operation with the British and Foreign Unitarian Association a Unitarian church was some years ago formed at Budapest, our Association contributing $500. The British and American money put into the Unitarian institutions of Hungary have done much to advance the cause of civil and religious liberty in the Austrian Empire.

An amicable arrangement has been made with All Souls' Church, Chicago, the church agreeing to buy of the Association the lot of land held in trust by it, and also to pay over to the Unitarian Association the total amount of the contributions for the building of All Souls' Church which were put into another deed of trust. The Association, on its part, agrees to return to All Souls' Church all sums of which the donors shall make such stipulation in writing.

An appeal has been made to the Women's Alliance to assist the church at St. John, N.B., where a church building enterprise approaches its conclusion. On account of the death of Dr. Reynolds promises which he had made, and which were unknown to his successor, were not fulfilled. It was Dr. Reynolds's intention, as his letter-book shows, to commend the enterprise to the Alliance. It is in accordance with his purpose and promises that the recommendation is now made. $2,000 has been obtained from the Church Building Loan Fund, while the American Unitarian Association has contributed liberally for the support of the minister, and to meet present emergencies.

The Committee on the Reorganization of the American Unitarian Association, after considering the suggestions to make many changes in the organization of the body, decided that the simplest was the best, and report no changes in the offices excepting to make the treasurer a paid officer giving all his time to the interests of the Association. To carry out the report, it was voted

to recommend to the Nominating Committee, and to the members of the Association, at the annual meeting, the names of Rev. George Batchelor for secretary, George W. Stone, Esq., for treasurer, George W. Fox, Esq., for assistant secretary, with salaries to be hereafter named.

GEORGE BATCHELOR.

SUNDAY-SCHOOLS.

A hopeful sign of the times with regard to Sunday-school work is seen in the increased interest shown by the Women's Alliance, conferences, and other bodies. Programmes, instead of failing to show from January to December any recognition of this important phase of educational activity, now, in happy contrast, reveal special sessions given to such subjects as "The True Aim of the Sunday-school," "What the Women's Alliance can do for the Sunday-school," "The New Methods in Sunday-school Instruction," and "The Relation of the Sunday-school to the Unitarian Future."

Gradually, the awakened sense of our churches will place the responsibility just where it properly lies,—with the parents. We do not fail to see the importance of ministerial and church co-operation with the Sunday-school. They are both highly essential. But, when the homes wake up to duty in this matter, very many obstacles will be removed. There will be a larger attendance of pupils, more recruits for teachers, more money for needed use, and more progress all round.

The Unitarian Sunday School Society has no happier function than serving zealous but struggling Sunday-schools throughout the land. There are many instances of this kind found in isolated homes where no Unitarian church exists, and also in new church movements, where the pecuniary resources are small. The missionary work of the Unitarian Sunday School Society is one of its most creditable records. The better filled its treasury is, the more it can do of this upbuilding work for the Unitarian cause. Manuals, library books, *Every Other Sunday*, cards, maps, and similar helps are needed in many deserving but not strong Sunday-schools.

Now that the New Song and Service Book has appeared, it is in place to mention the aid to the proper use of it which Rev. W. H. Lyon's new tract, "Music in the Sunday-school," will furnish. This tract, No. 6 in the series for free distribution issued by the Unitarian Sunday School Society, will be ready by the middle of April. Mr. Lyon is highly competent to treat this subject in a practical fashion. The other tracts in this series, which will be sent on application, without cost, are: "What shall We Do with the Sunday-school?" by Rev. Edward A. Horton; "What is needed to make a Successful Sunday-school," by Rev. Earl M. Wilbur; "Mrs. Motherwell on the Sunday-school," by Rev. H. G. Spaulding; and "The Class a Parish, and the Teacher a Minister," by Rev. William H. Lyon.

Referring to music and the right use of hymns, I hope that, with this new book, fresh attention will be given to the accurate, intelligent use of songs and words. Some good stories are told of the superficial way in which singing is often conducted in Sunday-schools. A little fellow went singing about his home a song learned at the Sunday-school,—

> "Work makes us cheerful and happy,
> Makes us bobative and strong."

On being asked to listen more carefully the next time, he returned with a new version, sure that it was correct,—

> "Makes us goative and strong."

Some time after his mother learned that the real words were,—

> "Makes us grow active and strong."

On another occasion children were rehearsing Columbus Day songs, and one boy sang,—

> "O Columbus, the Germany ocean,"

while another at his side sang,—

> "The germ in the ocean."

We read of a child who recited,—

> "The sea and all the tinnimies."

This little fellow never asked what "tinnimies" were, but in later years found out that the accurate passage was,—

> "The sea and all that in them is."

My point is that the New Song and Service Book of the Unitarian Sunday School Society has been carefully compiled to furnish valuable words as well as good music. Only one tune is used with a given hymn, thus tending to identify clearly one set of words with one set of notes. To help out this aim of clearness and intelligence, superintendents and teachers should be careful to see that these beautiful hymns are read before singing and made plain to the pupils.

I have often called attention to the value of examination papers. It was hoped that something of the kind might be used with the current leaflet lessons on the "Life of Jesus" published by the Unitarian Sunday School Society. But it was deemed wiser, on the whole, to leave that feature for development to the Sunday-schools them-

selves. I trust that this practice has come into vogue. There is, perhaps, in the beginning of this habit a little hardship for the pupils, unaccustomed as they are to exact work in the Sunday-school. The pupils often retort that they have enough of this mental discipline in the week-day school. But there are many reasons why something should be done from month to month to clear up preceding lessons and bring out the leading facts and truths. This can be skilfully done by an apt teacher without making it a burden to the class. Unless something like this is done, the lessons will be left a somewhat confused and unassimilated mass.

Referring to memory, I think that we are drifting away from the cardinal law in mental training of any kind; namely, that memory must be drilled and developed. The new methods of instruction are valuable, but they can be carried to excess. Memorizing was carried to excess, so that a child became a mere machine, into which facts and figures went without any regard to quantity or plan. In the reaction we are depriving children, frequently, of natural rights. The memory is a leading power in childhood. Young pupils can memorize readily and retain, while in later life it is a mere surface transaction. Parts of Scripture, beautiful hymns, finely expressed truths, leading facts in Christian history, —all this should be placed, to a reasonable degree, in the memories of Sunday-school scholars.

The New Song and Service Book, just published by the Unitarian Sunday School Society, has been fully described in previous numbers of the *Unitarian*. It is firmly and handsomely bound, with leather back and cloth sides. The services are of varied character, and the music and words have been carefully culled. The aim has been to produce a good working book for our Unitarian Sunday-schools. Price, 40 cents single copy, sent by mail, postage prepaid; $4 per dozen. Colored edges, 45 cents single copy; $4.50 per dozen.

On April 15 the concluding leaflet lessons on the "Life of Jesus" will be out, finishing the course of thirty-six lessons, the subjects being "The Last Supper," "Jesus in the Garden of Gethsemane," "Jesus before Pilate," "The Death of Jesus," and "The Resurrection." In September will begin the third year's series in this one-topic graded course, forty lessons. Subject, "The Teachings of Jesus and the Beginnings of Christianity." Mrs. J. C. Jaynes will prepare forty entirely new lessons for the Primary, with choice pictures. This coming series of lessons promises to be very interesting. The lessons on "The Teachings of Jesus" will be based on the parables, and "The Beginnings of Christianity" will deal with the picturesque and interesting events in Saint Paul's life.

EDWARD A. HORTON.

THE NATIONAL ALLIANCE OF UNITARIAN WOMEN.

The National Alliance of Unitarian Women held its Executive Board meeting at 25 Beacon Street, Boston, on Friday, March 8, twelve ladies being present. In the absence of the president, who has gone to Asheville for her health, Mrs. Kate Gannett Wells presided.

The corresponding secretary reported a very pleasant and profitable pilgrimage to the Branches in Maine, where she had spoken ten times to the Alliance Branches, the Sunday-schools, and to evening meetings of both men and women. In this way she had reached four or five hundred people, and imparted to them some of her own enthusiasm and love of the Alliance.

The general work is receiving full attention from the Branches. The Study Class Leaflets prepared by Miss Clarke have proved so acceptable that a second edition of the first two is in preparation. Guilds, Unity Clubs, and Bible classes find these leaflets useful as well as Alliance Branches.

Seventy-five dollars has been sent to Rev. Helen G. Putnam this month. Miss Putnam lately preached a most interesting sermon on "Trilby," which has been very attractively published as a pamphlet by "The Literary Tea-cup," Fargo, No. Dak.

The sum of $22.50 was also received for the Japan Library, for which new books are constantly needed, as well as the completion of the original catalogue.

Two Branches, Unity Church, Boston, and First Parish, Dorchester, have each undertaken one of Mr. Chaney's Southern "circuits," while Providence, R.I., and All Souls', Roxbury, have each sent fifty dollars toward the expenses of another minister for the same work.

The director for Eastern New York gave reports of ten Branches, including a new one at Troy. This leaves the church at Trenton, the only one in this division, without an Alliance Branch; and this also is the thirteenth Branch formed since the Conference at Saratoga last autumn. With few exceptions these Branches are holding meetings with the usual regularity, and with interest and vigor unabated.

The division of Western New York includes also Toronto, Hamilton, Meadville, Buffalo, and Cincinnati.

The Branch at Syracuse follows the plan of some others where Post-office Mission work is well done, and publishes and distributes Mr. Calthrop's sermons. It lately sent a generous gift to Ithaca. Ithaca expresses much gratitude for the response made by several Branches to its appeal. The little Branch at Hamilton has also been much encouraged by friendly letters and contribu-

tions from other Branches. Most touching was a gift of $2.18 from the small Branch at Pierre, So. Dak. At Meadville the young ladies have given a series of evening "socials," which have proved a financial as well as a social success. The two Branches at Buffalo are active, and at Parkside the Unitarian belief is made a study at the fortnightly meetings. Cincinnati has devoted an afternoon to the discussion of Social Settlements, and celebrated Washington's Birthday by a children's festival.

The Orange Branch has invited the New York League to hold its May meeting at its church, and it is expected that this will be an inspiration to all the New Jersey Branches. The Branch at Plainfield has arranged to have essays on "Five Great Humorists" given during the spring. At the meeting in February the subject for discussion was the "Criminal Classes"; and the Seventh Day Baptist minister asked the privilege of attending, and added much to the pleasure and profit of the discussion by his words. At Rutherford they are working for their own church and reading "Creation of the Bible," by Myron Adams. The Philadelphia Branches are working with interest, the latest addition to that section being the Branch at Wilmington, Del.

The Western Branches have been much occupied in sending boxes and barrels of clothing and supplies to the Nebraska sufferers. The Branch at the Church of the Messiah, Chicago, is finely organized, embracing all the work in the church that is done by women. It is divided into seven sections,—the Industrial, Sunday-school, Kindergarten, Entertainment, Charity, Study, Hospitality. At the head of each section is a committee to direct its work. At the monthly meetings of the Alliance reports of the work of the different sections are given, and matters of general interest discussed. The Alliance as a whole gave a fair for the benefit of the Herford Free Kindergarten. The Industrial section is now sewing for charities recommended by the Charity section. The Hospitality section has the care of the church suppers and evening receptions. The Study section holds four meetings a week, and the different classes read Dante, Bimetallism, Sociology, and Tennyson's works in connection with Stopford Brooke's Life of Tennyson. Though there is individual work done, all the members of the Alliance are made acquainted with it at the monthly meetings.

The Southern Branches are active and genuinely interested, and preserve a strong "fellowship" through the unintermitting influence of the Southern vice-president. The Southern Associate Alliance will hold a meeting at Baltimore May 1, each Branch being desired to send delegates. On February 24 Rev. Mr. Chaney preached the first Unitiarian sermon ever preached in Montgomery, Ala.; and on the same day Rev. Mr. Seaton did the same thing in Norfolk, Va.

Two requests have come to the Alliance since the last month, one to aid the Mozoomdar Mission in India. Both Mr. and Mrs. Barrows spoke earnestly for this at the Friday meeting, enlarging on Mr. Mozoomdar's influence and power for good in India, and his special qualifications for the work. It was voted that "the Executive Board of the National Alliance present to the Branches the excellent work of the Brahmo-Somaj in India as represented by Mr. P. C. Mozoomdar and administered by the Mozoomdar Mission Fund, that he may have means to pay travelling expenses incurred in preaching and also to print his message in Bengali and Hindostanee."

The other appeal came from Rev. C. W. Wendte of California, calling attention to the missionary work done by Mrs. Sarah Pratt Carr in Central California. She is now holding services twice on Sunday at Hanford, Tulare County, where she has established a Unitarian society, and organized church work of all kinds. Thus far she has not received anything for her services, and has really incurred considerable expense. The Executive Board of the Alliance recommends the work to the Branches, and suggests that each Branch contribute one or two dollars, which should be sent to the treasurer, Miss Close, at 25 Beacon Street, Boston. If each Branch gives a little, the necessary amount can readily be raised.

EMILY A. FIFIELD, *Rec. Sec'y.*

THE NEW YORK LEAGUE OF UNITARIAN WOMEN.—A regular meeting of the League was held March 1 at the Lenox Avenue Church, New York, with an attendance of about three hundred, President Hooper in the chair.

After the minutes of the previous meeting had been read, the treasurer's report and that of the Religious News Committee were presented.

Mrs. Morse merged her Philanthropic News report into the main topic for the day, "Who are the Heathen?" Her remarks were brought home to her audience by the criticisms of the unchristian-like attitude of the community toward the colored people. They are an industrious, self-respecting class, not those who burden our public treasury, for we rarely find them drunkards, criminals, or beggars; and yet there are so few openings where they can find an honest living. Mrs. Morse felt that they needed leaders to create public opinion in their

favor, to open more avenues of employment to them. They are hungry for the right to stand among us on their real merits, the right of equality as our fellow-citizens.

The president took great pleasure in introducing Mrs. Williams of J. L. Jones's church, Chicago, who spoke feelingly for the negroes. After they have received the education our churches and schools afford, she asked, "Do you realize that in all this land these are the only people whose virtue and knowledge count for naught?" There are so few opportunities open to them to earn a living.

Mrs. G. W. Leach, of Brooklyn, considered the subject, "Is the Christian Missionary justified in his Efforts to convert the Heathen?"

She alluded to the missionary zeal of the orthodox churches as the result of their misconception of religion, of salvation. And as to the heathen,—she didn't believe in the heathen. They were always worshippers of some god—of God, and their religion corresponded to the state of their mental development. Their conduct often compares favorably with that of so-called Christian nations. The practice of missionaries who seek to induce other people to forsake the faith of their fathers was denounced as demoralizing.

Mrs. Alice May of Flushing took up the question, "Is it not our Duty to spread Civilization rather than Christianity?" She first defined her position as to what civilization and Christianity really were. Civilization is not made apparent in a nation's advance in the sciences, nor arts, architecture, literature, nor in the methods of government, nor its aristocracy, nor its skill in war, although she admitted sarcastically that, since Japan had shown herself so successful in modern warfare, civilized nations have opened their arms to her, crying: "Plucky Japan! She is one of us now." But civilization does show itself in the fraternal cooperation and organization directed toward the enlightenment of the masses. The spread of our labor-saving devices, of our methods of universal education, of the consideration of political and social problems,—the spread of all this, which is civilization, will most effectually prepare the ground for Christianity wherever the heathen is found, at home or in foreign lands.

At the close of this paper the discussion was opened by Miss Reeve, who advocated that spirit in the missionaries among our Indians which conciliated by first teaching, "Your Great Spirit is just the same as our Great Spirit." Then, having gained the feeling of brotherhood by this broader view of religion which includes both, the Indian becomes more receptive to other lessons in Christianity and civilization.

Mrs. Jackson followed with a word for the heathen in our midst.

After a hymn and the Lord's Prayer the meeting adjourned.

ALICE P. JACKSON, *Rec. Sec'y.*

GUILDS.

THE CHURCH AND THE GUILD.

Read before the Guild at Plainfield, N.J., by Edgar Huidekoper Mumford.

At this opening meeting of the William Phillips Tilden Guild, so fittingly called after the name of one of our ablest and noblest Unitarian ministers, whom I remember well as one of my father's and my boyhood's dearest friends, it seems desirable that we should seek together a definition of our enterprise. Let us look at the relations of the Guild and the Church, the Layman and the Minister, the Man and his Soul Culture.

The Guild of All Souls' Church is the practical working church itself. It is not the edifice; it is not the minister. Neither of these, the building nor the clergyman, can form the Church. The Guild, which must embrace all the people of the Church,—virtually what we call the congregation, but a congregation with a purpose to carry out,—this must help to make the Church. The building will shelter, the minister will guide and keep; but the people whom the Guild must represent have to see to it that the Church is sentient, vitalized, militant.

I wish to make it clear that, in my opinion, the Guild and the Church, while of one family, are distinct in their ways of doing. While striving for the same ends, they must work in different manner. It often takes more than one engine to move a train,—especially up a hill. Both engines take their water from the same tank, their coal from the same pile, they are identical in build, class, and ownership, and they move in the same direction. With their load between them, they form but a single train, each engine a part of the load, but automobile and locomotive; and it is wonderful how the drag lightens on the head engine when the "pusher" closes up the slack behind.

Friends, the Guild is not an independent organization, liable to be skittish and bad company. Its purpose is that of the Church, and its membership should be the same as that of the Church, and even more inclusive. Some may find in the work of the Guild an avenue for advance: they do not so readily see in what they consider the province of the Church.

For the good of our own souls, to help our own, and to be able to help others' lives, we

need, each one of us, to feel an established intimacy with our church and our minister. No trade was ever learned by watching others work, no art ever fully appreciated by one not an artist, or, at least, a tyro. No mere passenger ever felt the ship so truly to sail as the able seaman who mans the stay-sail downhaul in the flying spray of the sudden squall; and each degree of work, for any cause, magnifies the cause and blesses the worker, from the hod-carrier and his growing wall to the true minister, forgetting himself in the sanctity and glory of the Master's work of bringing God to man and man to God.

Let us therefore lend a hand to our new Guild, and know that so we lend it to our Church; and we may all of us so merge ourselves in the work of one and both as to forge bonds of sympathy like, if not equal to, those of the artist and his picture, the sailor and his ship, the minister and his congregation.

We have but one minister, and his is a small congregation. This is not his fault. Few as we are, we are forty or fifty to one. The best way to get more to be of us—the only way—is to make the Church successful.

We are the Guild, we are of the Church: we must be successful. Now, nobody is more respected, and therefore nobody is more popular, than the busy and successful man; and "nothing succeeds like success." A busy man, like a rushing train, attracts attention. Soon he creates new occupation, and needs others busily helping him. He becomes a nucleus of activity in a busy and self-helpful community.

Activity implies success.

There is nothing active or symbolic of success in an idle crowd. Even if the crowd surrounds one active man, unless it takes up his occupation, and, approving of what he is doing, shares in his activity, it is the embodiment of idleness; and the enterprising, successful citizen passes it by for a lot of loafers, called together by a fakir or a crank.

In contrast, it is impossible that such a church or guild community as ours should work at all and not achieve something; and, as soon as we begin to achieve something, we begin to succeed, and the natural result, a popular, well-attended, and public-spirited parish, follows.

In looking thus particularly at the practical, material aspect of our Guild, in its relation to our Church, as if we were answering a question from a cynic who had asked, "What is the use of the Guild, anyway?" and persuading him by its tempting possibilities, we must not forget that the work of the Guild is not for glory or even, necessarily, for tangible results.

We are right in hoping that, by the new and as yet unaroused energy which will find its useful application to work in the Guild, we may help the Church by making it more attractive to the many who believe that "by their works ye shall know them." We are right in the endeavor born of the hope. But we must at no time forget that our Church is, by every sacred association and precedent, a church,—a church with a church's holy work to do. We need, and our friends of other denominations need, constant and effective reminders that the Unitarian religion is a reality; that Unitarians love and reverence Jesus Christ; that they would, before all things, follow his teachings and share in the efforts of their fellow-Christians of other faiths to further his divine influence on the world, and to make plainer to men, by teaching and example, the practical, every-day morality of Christ's precepts.

The Guild is not to popularize the Church by refinement of literary or culinary art, except it use these for the one end of guiding and attracting to the house of God. Do not think I paint a monkish clan, girdled, cowled, and forbidding, living in the shadow of the tomb, and pointing to the sanctuary as a labyrinth in the course to a last great tragedy. Our Guild shall help to make a sparkling and a living Church, —a true Unitarian society of active, helpful Christian workers.

Between the branching paths of social and literary culture exclusively and the, at first sight, perhaps, less interesting straight, strict, and unbending church work the Guild may find pastures green and woodland free, as yet untrod, where lessons may be had from stones, books, in the running brooks, and good in everything.

Betake we ourselves to this new land,—new, though full of familiar objects as yet unstudied, hardly noticed, except casually in the daily course to business, literature, and society, and the weekly journey to church,—and look about us.

How many of us see—much more take—our denominational paper, the *Christian Register?* If we do not take it, and read it, what can we know of what our fellow-Unitarians in other parts of the world are doing? Question for our Guild: Do we not owe an obligation to the faithful and talented men and women who weekly lay this valuable paper before us, and can we not do something to enlarge at once its subscription list and its influence upon ourselves? and how?

Look again, this world is wide; and there may be other paths than ours in the field and woodland, which, running transversely to our own, we see only as we look askance and casually.

Here's another path: suppose we follow it. It seems well trod, and leads to a large

successful church family's abode; and here and ever and anon let us study the true causes of success in churches of our own and other denominations. Let us study the churches, their organizations, their Sunday-schools, and their preachers.

Take such examples as the thronging houses of Talmage and Plymouth Church, under Henry Ward Beecher, and old and new Trinity, under Phillips Brooks.

In most cases you will find a wonderful development of the man in the pulpit by his sympathetic and co-operative congregation. Talmage could not get up and keep up his fiery and dramatically earnest exhortations to the right, did he preach to empty pews and echoing walls. Beecher would have lacked the inspiration to his extempore eloquence, had he not seen visions of his eager congregations, and worked all the week under the spiritual influence of a church filled with helping, bounding human hands and hearts. Phillips Brooks, Christ's greatest late apostle, preached, under one of the strictest of our so-called orthodox creeds, the great infinite mercy of God and the liberality and universality of the love of Jesus Christ, and his kinship to the common Father of us all, supported and defended against and amidst unbounded resentment on the one hand, and diverting and tempting adulation on the other, by a great church family as many times devoted to Phillips Brooks as men and women in it.

Let us study the problems of living in the community about us, too, to learn if there is not use for practical Unitarian religion and philanthropic morality.

Let us study and learn all these and many other things; and, when we have them right, let us straightway proceed to put them into existence in our own church-fold, keeping ever before us, as our standard, the unity of the Church and the Guild.

We are pleased to note that Rev. J. W. Day has arranged for fortnightly Sunday evening meetings, especially for the younger people, in the Unitarian church at Hingham, Mass. The meetings are held in the very attractive parish house, and all are invited, the service being of a somewhat informal character. Opportunity is given for questions and discussion, and a question-box invites written queries. Some of the subjects taken from the published list are: "What is it to be a Christian? Other People's Answers, Our Answer"; "What is the Use of Going to Church? Would People be just as Good without any Church? The Value of Habit"; "What can We Do for our Church? Real Loyalty. Joining together to make this World Better."

The second union conference of the National Guild Alliance, the National Bureau of Unity Clubs, and the Unitarian Temperance Society was held in Channing Hall on Wednesday, March 13, there being two sessions, at 10 A.M. and 2 P.M. The guild topics were discussed in the afternoon session. There were interesting addresses on "The Guild as the Minister's Opportunity," by Rev. A. J. Culp of Winchendon, Mass., and "The Guild as a Help to the Church," by Rev. E. J. Prescott of Kennebunk, Me.

It is reported that the meetings of the Young People's Guild of Newburyport, Mass., which are held fortnightly on Sunday evenings, have been very interesting, the attendance being much larger than a year ago.

A society has been organized in the Channing Church of Newport, R.I. It makes a very auspicious beginning to have forty members, when, as we learn, they are "ready and willing to devote a part of their serious time and thought to questions of personal religion and the culture of the moral and spiritual side of life."

We learn that there is a young people's religious organization called the W. P. Tilden Guild in the Unitarian church at Plainfield, N.J. A recent meeting is reported, in which Miss Caroline Barber led the service, and discussed the subject of "Loyalty," considering it in relation to the State, nation, home, friends, and church. A number of the guild took part in the conference which ensued. We feel that this organization must be a very helpful part of the still new church.

B. R. Bulkeley.

LITERARY NOTES.

"A Creedless Gospel and the Gospel Creed." By Henry Y. Satterlee, D.D. New York: Scribner's Sons.—This book is written under the strain of a sense of ecclesiastical duty. Dr. Satterlee says in his preface that he has been compelled to bear this witness to the truth through the state of popular religious opinion which has been clearly revealed by the World's Parliament of Religions at Chicago. That popular opinion it is Dr. Satterlee's purpose to refute. It was exhibited, he declares, in the enthusiastic approval of the Parliament of Religions by statesmen, poets, ecclesiastics, college presidents, and prominent men in every walk of life, and even by the religious press. Such approval denotes, in the author's opinion, a truly terrible condition of unbelief and unfaithfulness to the Church of Christ. "With the exception of the refusal of the Archbishop of Canterbury to participate, scarcely another voice was raised"; and yet "there was a distinct principle involved as to whether a Christian who believes that the religion of

Christ is a revelation from God, while other religions are not, could consistently take part without disloyalty to Christ." Dr. Satterlee maintains that to strive to stop the spread of infidelity by rendering Christianity as comprehensive as possible is pouring oil upon the very flames; for he sees, as we think, with great clearness that the whole tendency of modern religious development is toward breadth, inclusiveness, and liberality. It is this he sets himself to combat. One smiles as though a mouse should lift its little paws against Niagara. But Dr. Satterlee is very much in earnest,—so much so that his book will probably create a good deal of feeling against the unchristian attitude he defends and the bigoted party he represents, if there be any party willing to accept Dr. Satterlee as a spokesman. The title of the book is completely misleading as it stands, and could only indicate the real contents of the volume if it read "The Gospel Creed Triumphant over the Creedless Gospel."

"Searchings in the Silence." By George Matheson. New York: Anson D. F. Randolph & Co.—The blind author of "Moments on the Mount" shows in these searchings an insight so profound that one feels how little physical vision assists the heart. The purpose is devotional. The spirit is, as all readers of Dr. Matheson's other works will expect, broad, sympathetic, tender, lofty. The volume contains ninety-five brief yet complete meditations, rich in thought, evidently not the extemporaneous utterances of the moment, but the deliberate result of much preparation and experience. Epigrammatic sentences abound, flashing with wonderful suggestiveness to the mind of the reader. "Love rises by shedding its blood, but culminates by diffusing its kindness." "Until I have been taught to love, I have not been taught to pray." There is much food here for every hungry soul. There is help for all searchers.

"Early Bibles of America: A Descriptive Account of Bibles published in the United States, Mexico, and Canada." By Rev. John Wright, D.D. New York: Thomas Whittaker.—Dr. Wright has produced an exhaustive work upon his special theme. He has visited all the collections of Bibles in this country, and is able to give descriptions from personal observation of every rare edition. Excellent photographs are reproduced of the title-pages of all the Bibles described. In addition to the history of each Bible, many interesting anecdotes and curious incidents are recorded.

"Pushing to the Front, or Success under Difficulties." By Orison Swett Marden. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.—A book of inspiration and encouragement to all who are struggling for self-elevation along the paths of knowledge and duty, a book to cheer on every worker in every sphere of life. Crammed with the history of golden deeds, noble efforts, heroic sacrifice.

"Thoughts on Religion." By George J. Romanes. Edited by Canon Gore. Chicago: The Open Court Publishing Company.—The Open Court Publishing Company has done an admirable service to the cause of intelligent thinking in issuing this small volume of the late Prof. Romanes's notes upon religion. The editor, Canon Gore, seems to have had considerable difficulty in arranging his material, given him in an incomplete condition. On the whole, however, and with the aid of foot-notes, the evident intention of the author is made clear. Romanes in early life published "A Candid Examination of Theism," and the present work was intended as a modification of the agnostic conclusions reached by the earlier essay. These modifications, Romanes says, were due to further development of his own thought, especially to the ripening experiences of life. He thinks his own processes of reasoning have been sound, but he has become convinced that it is too commonly the case that we allow mere syllogistic conclusions to carry the weight of absolute conclusions. For instance, the metaphysics of Christianity may be all false in fact; and yet the spirit of Christianity may be true in substance. The main force of this reconsideration lies in the effort to so purify the agnostic method as to insure no false conclusions, and this leaves almost all the doors open for spiritual faith to come in and possess the soul of the otherwise unpossessed inquirer.

"The Preaching of Phillips Brooks." By Henry G. Spaulding. Boston: Damrell & Upham.—The admirable article which Mr. Spaulding contributed to a recent number of the *New World* has been reprinted, and forms an invaluable addition to the Brooksiana so many collectors are forming.

"Some Modern Phases of the Doctrine of the Atonement." By G. Vance Smith. London: Philip Green. This little book of forty-four pages is a brief, but lucid and very satisfactory treatment, from the Unitarian standpoint, of theories of the atonement put forth within the past few years by such orthodox writers as Gladstone, Prof. Fairbairn, Dr. Dale, Dr. Horton, and the author of "Lux Mundi." These theories are examined in the light of Scripture, ethics, and reason, and found seriously wanting.

Men do not become holy by a careless wish: there must be study, consideration, liberation, and earnest inquiry.—*Spurgeon.*

NEWS FROM THE FIELD.

[*News items are solicited from all our ministers and other workers. Send them to the* EDITOR OF THE UNITARIAN, 141 FRANKLIN ST., BOSTON, *before the 18th of the month.*]

NATIONAL CONFERENCE OF UNITARIAN AND OTHER CHRISTIAN CHURCHES.—At a meeting of the Council of the National Conference held at 25 Beacon Street, Boston, on March 14, it was unanimously voted to hold a meeting of the Conference in Washington, D.C., October 21, 22, 23, and 24 of the present year. This action was taken after careful consideration had been given to a report from the secretary and treasurer, who at a previous meeting were appointed a special committee to visit Washington and ascertain whether suitable accommodations can be found for the Conference in that city under such circumstances as to give opportunity for social meetings and conferences resembling those at Saratoga, and upon what terms these can be obtained.

The committee reported that Metzerott's Music Hall has a sufficient seating capacity for our largest gatherings; and, with its large committee-rooms, it affords excellent accommodations for the meetings of the Conference. Its acoustic properties are good. The Council voted to enter into a contract for the use of the hall at a rental of $400.

The committee also reported that they were able to make arrangements for the accommodation of over two thousand persons at the large hotels in the city at prices ranging from $2.50 to $4 per day,—a reduction of from one-third to one-half the regular rates. Excellent accommodations can also be found in many of the large boarding-houses at prices as low as $2 per day.

On the recommendation of the committee the Council voted to make the Arlington Hotel the Conference headquarters during the meetings. This hotel, which is easy of access to the guests of all the other large hotels, most of which are in the immediate neighborhood, offers its superb accommodations for all the social gatherings of the Conference; and its accommodations are even more ample than those afforded at Saratoga. The other hotels which offer a reduced rate are the Ebbitt, the Shoreham, the Riggs, Willard's, and the National. Full particulars as to the rates at all these hotels, together with all other necessary information, will be given later.

After careful deliberation the Council adopted the main features of a programme for the Washington meetings, which, when worked up in all its details, will insure, it is confidently believed, a very successful meeting of the Conference,—one which will mark the beginning of a new era of constructive work.

D. W. MOREHOUSE, *Gen. Sec'y.*

THE Western Unitarian Conference will hold its annual meeting May 14, 15, and 16 in Chicago, at the invitation of the Third Church (Rev. J. Vila Blake, minister). Every church contributing $10 to the treasury of the conference is entitled to representation by three delegates. An interesting programme is promised, but not yet announced.

UNITARIAN GROVE MEETING.—The annual meeting of the Unitarian Grove Meeting Association was held in Manchester, N.H., March 4; and the following officers were elected: president, Rev. Frank L. Phalen of Concord; treasurer, Mr. J. C. A. Hill; clerk, Mr. J. W. Fellows. The next session of the association is to be held, as usual, at the Weirs, beginning July 28, and closing August 4. A committee, consisting of Rev. Mr. Phalen, Rev. Mr. Staples, J. C. A. Hill, C. A. Danforth, Miss M. A. Downing, and Rev. S. C. Bean, was appointed to arrange for the meetings. It was the sense of the meeting that a layman's day be arranged some day during the week, and Friday was the day suggested.

Rev. John Hayne Acton, having satisfied the Committee on Fellowship of his fitness for the Unitarian ministry, is hereby commended to our ministers and churches.

W. L. CHAFFIN, *Chairman.*
D. W. MOREHOUSE, *Secretary.*

Augusta, Me.— Early in February we had a delightful visit from Mrs. Robert Davis of New York, who spoke to our ladies of the work of the Alliance. She told us much that was new and interesting of the good accomplished by this Branch, and we hope her enthusiasm will serve to kindle new interest among the women of our parish. Her own courage in coming to Maine in this coldest of our winter months ought to inspire us with new zeal.

On Saturday afternoons in February we repeated our experiment of last year by offering for sale at the church parlors cake, rolls, pastry, candies, and other home-made delicacies. The display of tempting edibles prepared by the deft fingers of our skilful cooks brings many a dollar to the treasury of the Ladies' Aid. In addition to this work in the parish Mr. Newbert is preaching on Sunday afternoons to the soldiers of the National Home at Togus.—*Church Exchange.*

Belfast, Ireland.—In the course of lectures under the new "Forward Movement" now being delivered here, Rev. John Basil Barnhill, formerly of Marblehead, Mass., is one of the speakers.

Belfast, Me.—The parlors of the Unitarian parsonage were filled on the evening of February 14 with a large and brilliant company, the occasion being a reception ten-

dered Rev. and Mrs. J. M. Leighton by the members of the church and parish. The rooms were beautifully decorated with evergreens, smilax, and hot-house flowers, festooned with yellow and olive-green ribbons, and presented a scene of great beauty. From 7 to 10 P.M. Mr. and Mrs. Leighton received their friends of the parish, the local clergy, and the press, standing under a canopy of smilax and roses. In the adjoining rooms a dainty lunch was served by the young ladies of the parish. An orchestra stationed in one of the upper rooms discoursed sweet music throughout the evening. The Belfast *Age*, commenting, says, "The popularity attained by Rev. and Mrs. Leighton during their sojourn among us is not confined to their own parish, but embraces the whole community."— *Church Exchange.*

Boston, Mass.—The arrival in this city of the man who holds in his hands supreme authority and control in the immense Army which he has created, Gen. Booth, has been the subject of deep interest in all religious circles. To understand Gen. Booth as a man does not seem difficult, but to explain the striking popular success of the movement he inaugurated is more than to explain the man. Indeed, the General himself seemed at a loss to account for his Army's extraordinary growth. When catechised by Mr. Joseph Cook in behalf of rigid Orthodoxy, the General acknowledged that the doctrine of eternal punishment was a prominent factor in the army's evangelizing efforts, going so far as to say that without the emphasized fear of hell the Army could not exist. Yet the General's own public platform addresses are directed to practical applications of religion to this life; and the whole effort of the vast scattered forces of daily workers in the Army seems in the direction of expressing love and forgiveness, present help and present salvation.

—Remarkable interest has been roused by the unexpected breadth and progressive attitude taken by Dr. E. Winchester Donald, rector of Trinity, the successor of Phillips Brooks, in a series of lectures just begun in the Lowell Institute course. People have been regretting that no prominent leader in the Episcopal Church seemed prepared to pursue the liberal course initiated by Phillips Brooks, and that no one arose to withstand the retrogressive tendency of the recent pastoral letter. The attitude taken by Dr. Donald in these lectures, however, is even more liberal than Phillips Brooks ever attained. The course is entitled "The Expansion of Religion"; and in the opening lecture Dr. Donald emphasized the naturalness of the Christian religion, saying that the sole authority in any religion is truth verified.

—The March meeting of the Unitarian Club was made notable by the delivery of an unusually powerful essay by Rev. W. W. Fenn of Chicago. Mr. Fenn's subject was the hackneyed one of "The Use of the Church"; but it was treated with such a clear grasp of its wide issues, the details were so admirably marshalled in progressive groups, there was so sound a philosophy beneath the exhibited order, and so brilliant and eloquent a climax, that the much discussed, continually confused, and ill-understood subject received new interest and, it is to be hoped, a deepened intensity of meaning to all who had the good fortune to hear the essay. Mr. Fenn took a brave stand for the highest uses of the Church. The realization of personality, individual personality and the personality of the universe; man's own soul life, and the soul life of the Infinite; ideality inspiring character; spirituality; religious meditation; the thought of God,— these things the Church lives to foster and emphasize. At the same meeting Rev. Eugene R. Shippen made an address. Mr. Shippen is the son of Rev. Rush R. Shippen of Washington, and has recently been installed as pastor of the old Meeting-house Hill Church in Dorchester. Mr. Shippen argued that the efforts of the Church should be directed toward teaching the great lesson of social democracy. Rev. Frank A. Gilmore of Haverhill also spoke with great force and many humorous illustrations in behalf of the Christian religion in the churches as a power for social reform.

—The real test of a sermon is not the number of minutes occupied by its delivery. While twenty-five minutes to thirty-five is fashionably proclaimed to be the correct limit, Rev. Minot J. Savage goes on into the twenty-first year of continued service in the Unity Church preaching forty-five to sixty-five minutes, and holding one of the largest congregations in the city.

—The half-hour noon services in King's Chapel every Wednesday are better attended than ever before, and largely by business men.

—At Bulfinch Place Church, in addition to the Sunday evening lectures which have been well attended, a Monday evening class has been formed for popular debate about city problems. During April the following subjects will be considered: April 1, "Is the Tendency toward Collectivism (Socialism) in City Administration to be encouraged?" April 8, "Shall we give Greater Power to the Mayor or to the Common Council?"

—The energetic parish workers of Christ Church, Dorchester, who have only just parted with their minister, Rev. W. R. Lord, having quite determined that they would not for a moment allow the important field their church occupies to be neglected, have already extended a unanimous call to Rev. Benjamin A. Goodridge of Harvard, Mass., to become their pastor; and Mr. Goodridge has accepted.

Concord, N.H.—The topics of some of Rev. Frank L. Phalen's recent sermons have been: "The Ascension of Jesus: Was it a Miracle?" "The Satan of the Bible," "The Patience of God." On Sunday, March 3, he gave as his subject "A Word about Ourselves," and spoke of the history, work, and aims, and of the future of the church of which he is the minister.

The annual parish meeting was held in the church parlors on Tuesday evening, March 5, with an attendance double that of any previous meeting for many years. C. C. Danforth was chosen moderator, Thomas W. Little clerk, and the old Prudential Committee re-elected, as follows: George F. Underhill, Gen. Frank S. Streeter, Louis C. Merrill, Mrs. Ella J. Hill, and Miss Mary A. Downing.

The annual reports of the various church organizations indicated unusual prosperity and bright prospects for the future. Rev. Frank L. Phalen reviewed the church work for the past year, and read the report of the Channing Guild. Other reports were as follows: Women's Alliance, Mrs. George K. Hazeltine; Female Benevolent Society, Miss Mary A. Downing; Sunday-school, Miss Gertrude Lawrence; Parish Fund Society, Louis C. Merrill; Senior Ten King's Daughters, Miss Amy Comins; St. Theresa Ten, Miss Jessie Prescott. Previous to the meeting a supper was served by the Parish Fund Society.

Mr. Phalen is preparing a manual of services for the use of the Channing Guild, which now numbers forty-five members. The guild meets in the chapel every Sunday evening, and the attendance is good. The pastor is giving a very interesting series of Lenten talks on the Lord's Prayer.

Des Moines, Ia.—At the Unity Club meeting March 1 a letter was read from the chairman of the Finance Committee of the Young Women's Christian Association, being established in this city, asking financial aid subject to the following conditions. The form of contract entered into between the association and the subscriber is given in full:—

We, the undersigned, agree to pay the amount set opposite our names for the first year of the Young Women's Christian Association of Des Moines, if organized on the following conditions:—

First. That the equipment shall consist of:—

1. Well-furnished rooms, located in the business portion of the city.

2. A regular secretary, who shall give her whole time to the work.

Second. The membership shall be divided into three classes:—

1. Active, consisting of members of evangelical churches. Dues, $1.

2. Associate, consisting of any young women of good moral character. Dues, $1.

3. Sustaining, consisting of any persons who shall pay the annual fee of $5.

After the reading by the secretary of the foregoing, the following resolution was adopted:—

"*Resolved*, That, in response to the appeal sent by the Young Women's Christian Association, asking for aid toward the proposed building for the benefit of the young and working women of Des Moines, the Unity Club would express its hearty sympathy with the humanitarian zeal manifested in such a purpose, and also its thorough appreciation of all the practical work and moral teaching which such an organization may do.

"But, on the other hand, it very deeply regrets that the conditions of membership in the proposed organization are such as to exclude a large number of philanthropic-spirited people who might willingly give of their means, but who could have no voice in the direction of its use.

"Unity Club protests, and will continue to protest, against what seems to it to be illiberal religiousness; but it will not on that account refuse to lend a hand to help a good work."

Groton, Mass.—The annual meeting of the First Parish Church, Groton, Mass., the two hundred and fortieth since its organization in 1655, was held last Monday, March 11. All the activities of the church —Women's Alliance, Sunday-school, Post-office Mission, and the Guild of the Disciples—were reported to be in a healthful condition: all the irons were in the fire, and the bellows were always in motion. One of our oldest societies,—its face toward the east, nevertheless; and hope, not memory, is its bright, propitious star. At the meeting a very considerable addition was made to the pastor's salary; and Rev. Dr. Young starts on his twenty-first year of a happy ministry with this people with eye not dim, nor his natural force abated.

Kennebunk, Me.—The winter now fast drawing to its close has been one of unusual activity in the old First Parish. The young people of the society have given several pleasant entertainments, which have been a financial as well as a social success, and have helped to supply some long-felt wants. The receipts of one of them, supplemented by a generous gift from two interested gentlemen, made it possible to remove the antiquated seats so long in use in the Sunday-school room, and replace them with comfortable folding-chairs from the Harwood Manufacturing Company. The proceeds of another of the entertainments were given toward a piano. The Ladies' Society contributed $50, kind friends came forward with substantial aid; and now a sweet-toned Ivers & Pond baby grand adorns the platform of the Sunday-school

room, and is a great help in the Sunday-school as well as a source of pleasure in the social gatherings. The December fair of the Ladies' Society was largely attended, and was an enjoyable occasion,—net proceeds, $135, which will go to the parish treasury for current expenses. While our efforts have been attended with material success, the spiritual side of our church life has been most ably sustained. In the autumn Mr. Prescott began a series of interesting sermons upon "The Evolution of Christianity." The first sermon on "The Preparation for the Coming of Christianity" was followed by some seven or eight others, which, beginning with the simple teaching of Jesus, followed its course of development through the early Church to the present time. The slow, steady growth of Christianity in its doctrines and in its practice in the Church was studied in a careful and thoroughly reverent manner. This series was followed by another on "The Newer Religious Thinking," the aim of which was to give in a simple and popular manner an idea of what the great practical religious sentiment of mankind is achieving to-day in all the lines of its work; and the large audiences which listened to these sermons could not fail to be benefited by the clear and earnest manner in which the subjects were treated. The evening services have maintained their interest; and, the audiences having outgrown the vestry, the meetings are now held in the Sunday-school room.

The Young People's Guild has taken a new lease of life, and is doing better work than ever. The subjects for the monthly meetings were arranged early in the winter, and have thus far been presented in a very interesting manner. The January meeting occurring on the one hundred and twenty-first anniversary of the dedication of our present church edifice, Mr. W. E. Barry read a carefully prepared paper on "The History of our Church," from its organization in 1750 up to the present time. March 10 the subject was, "Is Morality Enough?" Several well-written papers were read; and the conclusion of all was that morality alone is *not* sufficient, but that morality and religion are inseparable in the formation of a perfectly rounded character. The Women's Alliance has also shown an increase of activity. The meetings have been better attended than usual, and a large amount of bedding and clothing made, which was sent to Montana and Tuskegee. A class has been formed for the study of the higher criticism, which is under the leadership of Mr. Prescott and promises to be very interesting. Much inspiration was received from a visit from Mrs. Robert H. Davis, the national secretary. A very pleasant meeting was held, when Mrs. Davis gave an earnest and instructive talk to members and friends on "The Work of the Alliance."

The Sunday-school maintains its numbers and interest, but sorrow as well as joy has come among us. Early in December death entered our midst and took from us one we could ill afford to spare, Mr. E. E. Bourne, who had been the superintendent for twenty years. Quiet and unassuming in his disposition, faithful in the performance of every duty, loyal in his friendships and to the church in which he was a constant worshipper, he will long be missed. Mr. W. E. Barry has lately been chosen superintendent for one year.

London, England.—The committee which has had in charge a "Forward Movement" among Unitarians in London is to be congratulated on the success attending this helpful and legitimate form of revival. The advertising a list of Unitarian churches in the public journals, it is hoped, will be continued. The "five simultaneous lectures" have reached very many outside usual Unitarian channels, and the spread of Unitarian literature has carried the thought seed far and wide. That the good work thus initiated may be continued is the wish of every liberal. The *Inquirer* voices the general sentiment in the following comment:—

"There are still, we are convinced, many who are unaware of the real nature of the Unitarian faith. Some, we fear, are holding back because they think they will miss the richness of spirituality for which they hunger and thirst. It is especially these that, for our own part, we should like to see won to our cause. Again and again in our story the channel of our religious life has been deepened by the incoming of converts who have not parted with their warmth of enthusiasm for the cause of God and Christ and humanity in parting with the old conceptions about them. They have sometimes shamed by their exertions the languid interest and scanty activity of some who were nurtured in Unitarian principles; and they have revealed to these sons of the faith a glory in their heritage which was too long unperceived. Now for many such rebirths! Now to go farther forward than ever before! We want to kindle hearts with the love of God and of man, to build homes of refuge and nurture for struggling souls, to establish and enlighten minds that are doubtful and dark, to make on earth a kingdom of heaven, to speak and work and live in the spirit of Christ. Who will come over and help us to do this better than hitherto?"

Los Angeles, Cal.—The Unitarian society here bought its present church building six years ago, and went in debt $27,000. Since then it has paid off $16,000; and on Sunday, March 17, at the regular morning service, in response to the appeal of the pastor, Rev. J. S. Thomson, $6,000 more was subscribed. The congregations average seven to eight hundred. The Sun-

day-school, Church League, Unity Legion, and all the branch organizations are in a flourishing condition.

Manchester by the Sea, Mass.—For several years the summer visitors and several interested resident families have discussed the possibility of erecting a Unitarian church here. Before the summer season opens this year the church will be a reality, and no longer only a hope. It will stand upon an excellent site on the corner opposite the famous Masconomo House.

Portland, Me.—Mrs. Robert H. Davis, corresponding secretary of the National Alliance, visited the Portland Branch February 17 to 20. Mrs. Davis, who was entertained at the Columbia, where Mrs. and Miss Stevens are spending the winter, met the parish at a reception given for her Saturday evening; also the Alliance, for a business session, on Monday at 2.30 P.M. Our Branch reaped much pleasure as well as profit from Mrs. Davis's addresses, and also from informal talks with her. The large objects for which the Alliance is working, as well as matters of organization and co-operation, and the best ways of carrying on both in Maine, called out earnest discussion. A general toning up for new endeavor resulted, and warm thanks were extended to our visiting officer.

An effort to send some writings of Dr. Hill's to the Tokio library, and to gather Cheerful Letter members from the young girls of the Sunday-school, were immediate practical results. Other inspiration will follow as the outcome of this successful Maine circuit.

On February 24 Rev. S. C. Beach preached a sermon in the First Parish pulpit on "The Five Points of Unitarianism." It was listened to with great interest and profit. Many have testified to the help it gave them.—*Church Exchange.*

Roxbury, Mass.—Sometimes new societies have new enthusiasm, but very frequently the oldest churches do more than the youngest have any expectation of accomplishing. Take as an illustration the old First Church in Eliot Square, Roxbury, gathered in 1631, its present building dedicated 1804. The present popular minister, Rev. James De Normandie, has successfully led the society for the past twelve years. Among its organized efforts, in addition to regular calendar of preaching services, communion, Sunday-school, Bible classes, etc., this church supports a bed called the Putnam Ward and Free Bed in the New England Hospital for Women and Children. It also furnishes a room in the Boston Port and Seamen's Aid Society. It also supports the Printing Department of the South End Industrial School, and, by the generosity of a parishioner, the Primary Sewing Class in that school, and in every way has been one of the largest contributors to this admirable charity. And more than half of its invested funds are from the legacy of a devoted member of this church.

The Roxbury Charitable Society is in a special sense the child of this parish, although its executive committee is now made up of members of the several churches. For a century it has been the instrument through which thousands have preferred to give their charities; and, as there is always a demand, so its doors are always open to receive garments, food, and money for the poor, the sick, and the suffering. The three generous legacies forming the Davis, Snow, and Williams Funds of over $140,000, and making almost the sum total of its investments, were from members of this parish.

The Roxbury Female Benevolent Society was organized in 1827, and ever since has been a very efficient aid in the charities of Roxbury. It gives employment in sewing to a large number of women, and distributes many garments to the needy. It meets for its work at Putnam Chapel every Monday morning at ten o'clock. It has an employment committee and a loan and gift committee. It has invested funds amounting to $7,600.

Rutherford, N.J.—During Lent Rev. George H. Badger preached a series of sermons on "Phases of Modern Scepticism," "The Religion of Little Things," and "The Religion of Six Short Poems."

Salem, Mass.—The union services of the Unitarian churches for March were held at 4 P.M. on Sundays at the North Church. On Sunday, March 3, at this service, Rev. E. B. Willson spoke of the "Past, Present, and Future of the Salem Fraternity."

—The Alliance of the North Church kindly invited members of other Alliances to hear Rev. G. D. Latimer lecture on "Robert Browning: The Man and the Poet," at a recent meeting.

—The Barton Square Alliance has had lectures in March by Rev. W. H. Lyon, on "Mary Carpenter," and by Rev. Albert Walkley, on "Theodore Parker," and has arranged for Rev. Alfred Manchester to give illustrated lectures on "Egypt" and "Palestine," March 25 and April 1.

—The East Church has adopted the Saratoga platform, "The religion of Jesus,—love to God and love to man."

—Rev. E. D. Towle has recently preached to the Salem Cadets in his church, and Rev. George C. Cressey is soon to preach to the Grand Army of the Republic in the First Church.

San Diego, Cal.—Our beautiful church is burned to the ground. This means the labor, effort, devotion of years suddenly consumed. Eastern friends, the Association, Women's Alliance, have all done so much for us in the past, we cannot give up now. And yet the situation is deplorable

and well-nigh overwhelming. Hard times have pinched our city; and where can we get $5,000 to procure a new building?

Scituate, Mass.—Although our church attendance has been made small the past winter by bad roads, cold weather, and storms on Sunday, yet the religious, moral, and social interests of our people have been pretty well cared for by their action in various other ways.

There have been two side organizations whose work, we think, is worth recording. The Browning Club of a year ago renewed its life in November, but took up the study of Shakspere's works. Since then we have had meetings every week, and have carefully read a number of Shakspere's dramas. We use Hudson's pamphlet editions of the separate plays, study and discuss the various notes and comments that we find in these books. Some of our members prepare essays giving further illustration and elucidation of the plays or their chief characters; and then, with characters assigned, we read the play as sympathetically as may be. Our club numbers fourteen members, and the average attendance is very high. All the members are Unitarians except the Methodist minister and his wife, Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Van Natter, who are very constant in attendance. The president is Mrs. E. O. Cooke; the secretary, Rev. Mr. Weed.

The Unity Club of a year ago could not be continued as it was, but a debating club of young men and boys was organized in its stead. This has been well attended in its weekly meetings, and the boys have made noteworthy progress in the knowledge of parliamentary law and the understanding of how to make off-hand speeches. They have also inquired into and become much interested in several of the mooted social and moral questions of the day. On the evening of March 11 they appeared in an exhibition, which consisted, in part, of a public debate on "The Norwegian System of License." It was conducted in the form of a session of the legislature, in which the "bill" coming up for consideration was quite thoroughly discussed on each side. This club numbers some eighteen members.

As most of our people reside about Scituate Harbor, some two miles from the church, the need of a Sunday evening meeting in the neighborhood of the harbor for the benefit of the young people has been felt by many. In the latter part of February arrangements were made to use the parlor of the Satuit Library building, and the meetings were begun. Four of these meetings have now been held. The attendance is large, and the interest seems strong and increasing.

All these things which are additional to the regular services and Sunday-school lead some to think that the church of the First Parish of Scituate has not yet seen all its best days.

St. Paul, Minn.—The installation of Rev. William R. Lord as minister of Unity Church took place on February 27. The services opened with prayer by Rev. Carleton F. Brown of St. Cloud, followed by Scripture reading by Rev. F. C. Southworth of Duluth. The first address was by Rev. Samuel M. Crothers, who set forth the work of a Unitarian church as the duty to demonstrate the possibility of a vital religion in an atmosphere of perfect intellectual freedom. He referred to his own work in St. Paul as an epoch-making period of his life, and named the traditions of Unity Church as those of fellowship and helpfulness. Letters were read from Rev. John R. Effinger and Rev. W. C. Gannett, former pastors of the church. Rev. Henry M. Simmons of Minneapolis spoke for the Unitarian churches of the State, welcoming him to the oldest church in the conference, not solely in the Unitarian name, but as one who believes that beneath all sectarianism there is common humanity. Rev. Edward P. Ingersoll, D.D., of the Park Congregational Church welcomed the new pastor to the city, emphasizing their unity in purpose and aim. Mr. Estabrook, chairman of the board of trustees, gave the last address of welcome, outlining the history of the church since its founding in 1872. Mr. Lord's response was brief, but earnest. At the close of the meeting there was a reception for Mr. and Mrs. Lord in the church parlors.

Sturgis, Mich.—There have been two intellectual movements here of recent origin which seem worth mentioning. One consists in an Evolution Club, set going by a member of the Unitarian society, but drawing upon members of orthodox churches for about half its membership. It is interesting to note how thought familiar to the average Unitarian comes to our orthodox friends, generally speaking, with a new face. The other intellectual enterprise is the organization of a "Woman's Club." This is due to the efforts of Mrs. Buckley to arouse the interest that has started it. The outlook is very promising. The spirit of the Unitarian society here is to do under its own name all the good it can, but what it cannot thus do, to do under some other.

Troy, N.Y.—The success of the Children's Neighborhood Library established by the Unitarian church has been remarkable. The library was opened in a small room of the church building on March 23, 1894, and kept open only one hour and a half each day, until the second week in September, when it hired a regular librarian, and kept open four hours each week-day. The circulation up to the present is 4,601. 811 children have made use of the library. The room is well patronized as a reading-room, and about one hundred a week are now reading papers and magazines in the library during the evening hours.

Washington, D.C.—Rev. Rush R. Shippen writes: "At All Souls' Church last evening Rev. A. D. Mayo gave to a goodly congregation a very able and instructive discourse upon 'Educational Statesmanship, or George Peabody and Robert C. Winthrop, and Education in the South.' Eloquent tribute was paid to Hon. Mr. Winthrop and his later years' noble service in this direction, so strangely forgotten in obituary notices at the time of his recent death. The lecture was one of Mr. Mayo's best papers, and, but for straitened resources, would probably be published by the United States Bureau of Education. Mr. Mayo's own educational work in the South is held in high esteem by Commissioner W. T. Harris, and by his predecessor, Gen. Eaton. Sustained by the bounty of liberal Northern friends of education, as an able speaker of large experience in school matters, Mr. Mayo visits Southern schools and workers, asking no personal favors, but carrying the word of friendly helpfulness, and is very welcome wherever he goes. He has now gone to Kentucky. They who sustain him are doing good work, which I cordially commend to the aid and support of all generous Northern friends."—*Christian Register.*

Wollaston, Mass.— On Washington's Birthday a fair was given under the auspices of the church, with an entertainment afternoon and evening called the "Festival of Holidays," at which the number in attendance was so large as to tax the capacity of the vestry to its utmost extent. A sum of over $200 was realized.

The Unity Club, which has for its main feature this season the study of Irish authors and literature, is a very important annex to our church; for it does not confine itself alone to its educational work, but tries in various ways to make itself a useful influence in the community, sending flowers and kind messages to those sick and in trouble, donating new chairs to the Sunday-school, and supplying the walls of our vestry with some pictures of favorite Unitarian authors, being some of the kind offices it has already performed.

The Guild of the Good Shepherd, which, like the Unity Club, was organized by the present pastor, Rev. James E. Bagley, is doing good work among the younger portion of the community. It is held Sunday evenings, and has a good and regular attendance. The young people conduct the meetings in turn, and read papers of their own composition upon religious topics, invariably treating them in an interesting and attractive manner.

Sunday, March 3, began a series of vesper services, to be held in the church at 4 P.M., at which the singing is rendered by two quartettes. These services promise to be very popular.

TYPES OF THE SPIRIT.

Space extends away from the earth without limit. The capacity of the soul does the same.

All things suffer change. It is not all sadness, not all gladness. The change is from gladness to sadness, from sadness to gladness. Thus evolution works its sure way along to greater life.

An infinite boon is life. Blessed is the mystery of life. If the mystery could be found out, it would not be life, the work of the illimitable Creator. The mystery is deeper than the sea, higher than the stars, loftier and wider than the imagination. Let the imagination go deep, still deeper, even to an infinite depth, and there would not be the slightest peep of incubation that would hatch divine wrath and endless misery.

'Tis noon, twelve o'clock. No, no: it was twelve a moment ago. This point of time will never come again, never, so much eternity God has to deal to us all, so many things to show to us.

Quietude and loneliness do not close the mind. It is an opening for the soul, for him who will, to converse with God who is speaking evermore. Hear, O man! With God is eternal serenity. Live up to that serenity. WILLIAM M. BICKNELL.

HEART QUESTIONS.

I often think, and I sometimes say,
I will do this task some other day.
I often hope, and I sometimes pray,
For a path that would lead some other way.

I often wish, and I sometimes sigh,
For happy days and youth gone by;
But days of sadness and nights of tears
I would leave in the grave of dead, past years.

Could the love and friends that are mine to-day
Have entered my path by another way?
Would the hopes and treasures all my own
Be mine to prize, were the tears unknown?

Would the pictures of love my heart that fill
Dwell there, had the years of life stood still?
Would the song I sing, though a broken strain,
Be sweeter if I could begin it again?

No: I think the task belongs to the day,
And the path may lead to a broader way;
And even the chord I lost in the song
I may find again as I journey along.

RACHEL B. MACMULLIN.

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"'Love beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things;

"'Love never faileth.'

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